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walk
with
me**

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World
of Star Trek

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unibar



8 POOL TABLES, BEER GARDEN, JUKE BOX, SECURITY

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bodyjar, suiciety
with potthole

FRI 24 MARCH anu\$2 full\$4

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with the doomed

SAT 25 MARCH

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elephant record cd launch

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with engine 54 (melb)
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FRI 31 MARCH

knut

SAT 1 APRIL

befuddle & so fa la tiedo
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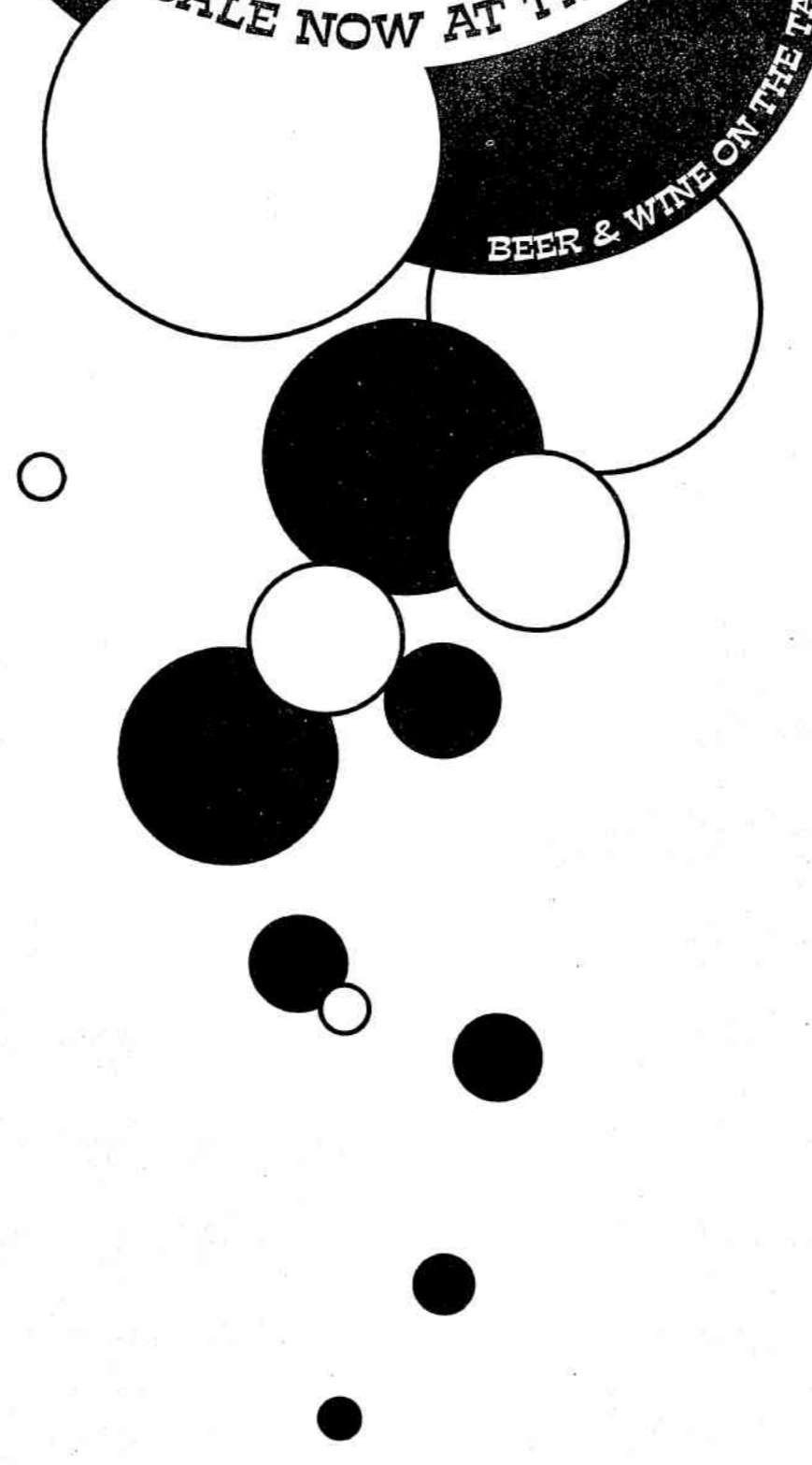
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ANU Union concertline: 249 2546

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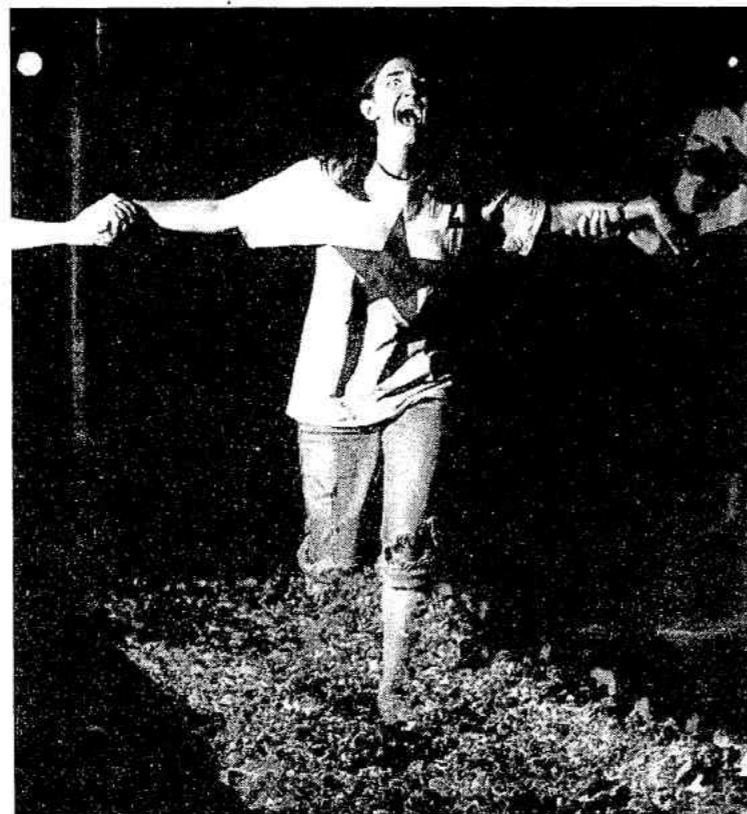
TICKETS ON SALE NOW AT THE UNION: \$30
BEER & WINE ON THE TABLES



...DON'T MISS THE BALL.

inside woroni

Putting the irresponsibility back into undergraduate student media



Cover: A force for personal growth, or a load of new age bollocks? To find out, Amber Carvan puts her body on the line. Photo: Eddie Missigan



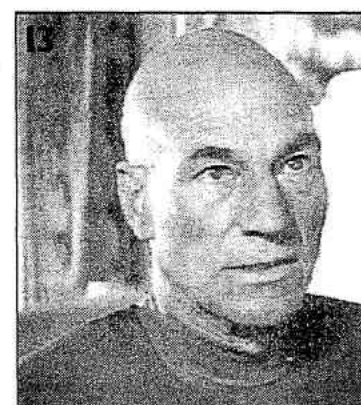
features

6 firewalk

What do fire, New Agers and Canberra Grammar School rowers have in common? A surprising amount. When *Woroni* asked Amber Carvan to take off her shoes and go for a stroll on some hot coals, she did not hesitate. She ran like hell. However, the chance to investigate new age thinking ultimately proved too tempting to turn down.

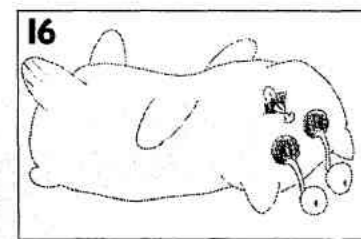
10 a woman's work

While western feminists fall into a swoon of self-congratulation, women in the third world are still fighting the battle for basic rights. Kirsty Ruddock spoke with inspiring Sudanese activist Nawal Hassan Osman.



13 star trek

Still boldly splitting infinitives where none have been split before, the rejigged Star Trek is as much a way of life as a late night TV show. And it's sparked some *very* strange behaviour. Jessica Coates and Kirsty Farrell investigate the Star Trek phenomenon on the eve of the release of the new motion picture. Beam me up some merchandise.



smell my finger

16 snuffy the hamster

Snuffy the Hamster returns in a brand new action-packed adventure, plus the usual sad attempts at humour.

regulars

4 news

Non-students sweep Sports Union elections, ANU student in Empire State biff, on-campus students *perform*.

5 biteback

8000 students, 3 letters. Boy, that last *Woroni* really cooked up a storm.

19 activist agenda

National Day of Action, illegal compulsory course fees and all-Australian action.

20 thanks for the mammaries

Cocks and Cox.

20 weird science

Could a really nasty disease wipe us all out?

20 sweat

Cricketers kick butt, rugger buggers grip butt while everyone else gets rat-arsed.

21 get over it sweetie

I'm forever blowing Bubbles: *Woroni* scoops the sunshine state's controversial safe sex swap cards, and asks why all the fuss?

21 beneath the fringe

For once, the Fringe felt that he was not alone. He was with another twenty thousand people at Pearl Jam.

21 campus chat

Who would make a good Vice-Chancellor?

22 sit on my face

International women's day, why the No Fees campaign is

important, the ANU quality audit, and Hamish the \$8500 paperboy. Shitflinging galore.

23 careers

Being an Arts student doesn't mean you're a lazy self-indulgent wanker with worse career prospects than Fred Many. Congratulations, you're a *generalist*.

23 hanging judge

The judge sucks down some greaseball burgers. Then tells you not to.

23 caption competition

The road to hell is paved with good intentions. Where do church and faith meet?

24 we're only human

Do student politicians have brains? If so, where?

25 consumer watch

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25 third uncle

Double trouble with genetically engineered student politicians. The Uncle smells a plot (as usual).

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Do student politicians have brains? If so, where?

26 entertainment

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30 chunky bits

What do Fred Nile and Julian Clary have in common? Meanwhile, Thumbs Up rams it up the ABC's janus.

woroni

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Editor-in-chief Andrew Dempster **Editorial Consultant** Janina Jankowski
Advertising Manager Peter Still **Photography** Peter Baldwin Kirsty Farrell
Contributing Editors News Michael Mathieson Letters Corin Throsby
ENTERTAINMENT Heidi Zwar **SMELL MY FINGER** Nick Shaw **CHUNKY BITS** Bianca Nogrady **Features** Amber Carvan Jessica Coates Kirsty Farrell Kirsty Ruddock **Art** Gilla Grosinger Pat Mackerras Mandy Ord Nigel Snoad Matt Taylor Duncan Walker Darrell **Web Work** Guy Howe Chui Nee Ooi John Robens **Technical Assistance** Peter Still **Office Assistance** Helen Addison-Smith Peter Baldwin Jessica Coates Michael Mathieson Bianca Nogrady **Director of Student Publications** Simon Banks **Contributors** Helen Addison-Smith John Askar Peter Baldwin Roger the CabinBoy Rosie Cooney Michelle Cooper Garth Crawford James Dawson Alison Dellit Robert Duncan George Dunford Stephen Gardiner Office Goth Alex Hackett Kate Hennessey James Hoadley Seumas Hyslop Pat Mackerras Tom McCawley Hamish McPherson Matt Marshall Yvette Martin Catherine Mellors Bianca Nogrady Mandy Nuttall Liz O'Brien Michelle Piercey Peter Preller Gary Rasmussen Sean Sexton Nick Shaw Dan Silkstone Perry Snodgrass Sarah Stephen Corin Throsby Victoria Tower Paul Wagner Granny X Victoria Young Heidi Zwar **Bin Emptier** George Dunford **Thanks to** Surend Dayal, Canweb Printing and all of the people we've forgotten to thank. **Woroni** is the official

publication of the ANU Students' Association. It is available fortnightly from locations on campus. The opinions expressed in *Woroni* are neither those of the editors nor of the Students' Association, nor frequently of the writers. **If you want to contribute to *Woroni*, we'd like to hear from you.** We're looking for feature articles, guest columns, news items and letters, original comedy and miscellaneous chunky bits. As soon as you come up with an idea, let us know. You can contact us in the *Woroni* office, located on the Bridge, ANU Union, by phone on 2487127 or via email on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Or send contributions to *Woroni*, ANU Students' Association. All contributions should include a name, student number and phone number for verification. We select articles for inclusion in *Woroni* based on the criteria of relevance, interest and topicality. **Woroni Online** You can access the latest issue of *Woroni*, with millions of other computer users worldwide, from the privacy of your networked Mac or PC. Our WWW address is <http://student.anu.edu.au/Woroni>. For more information, contact us. **Apologies** The editors would like to apologise to the writers of *thanks for the mammaries*, whose column last issue appeared under the title *get over it sweetie*. **Feel angry?** Write us a letter. **Deadline** for the next issue is Tuesday March 28 at 5pm. If it's not here, it's not in.

Non-students sweep Sports Union elections

by Michael Mathieson

David Cocking and the We Support Sport group comfortably won the 1995 Sports Union elections, capturing approximately two-thirds of the vote.

After three days' polling, the group picked up the three executive positions, and four of the six general council positions.

The President is David Cocking, the Vice-President is Chris Wheeler, and the Treasurer is Neil Parsons.

No position on the council, either executive or general, is held by an undergraduate student.

The elections ended in controversy, with allegations of electoral impropriety made by William Mackerras of the Kick Start ticket.

Mackerras said he was "incredibly disappointed" with the running of the elections, alleging partisan involvement of the Returning Officer Ross Jones, and Don Hardman of Buildings and Grounds.

Ross Jones recently came out in support of David Cocking in an article published in *Woroni*, stating that "David has given his time to running [the Sports Union] because he likes sport, not because he is a politician."

Don Hardman sent a fax to Hamish MacPherson and Ross Jones stating that material in a Kick Start flyer regarding costs of oval maintenance was misleading.

Enlarged photocopies of the fax were prominently displayed around the polling area.

"These two acts have dealt a massive blow to fairness in student elections, which were in no way a healthy

display of competition," stated Mackerras.

Ian McDermid, a candidate with We Support Sport said that he "had doubts as to whether the elections were run to the letter of the regulations, but the important thing was the overwhelming support voters gave to our group."

Ross Jones could not be contacted for comment.

Dr Jeremy Weinman of the We Support Sport group claimed that the "politicising of sports" was a factor which worked against the Kick Start ticket.

"We are in no way a political ticket — we are simply a group of like-minded and concerned individuals."

"Although student management is admirable, Kick Start was indicted by its failure to consult with sporting clubs, and its less effective lobbying skills."

William Mackerras conceded that the We Support Sport group had mobilised sporting clubs with greater success.

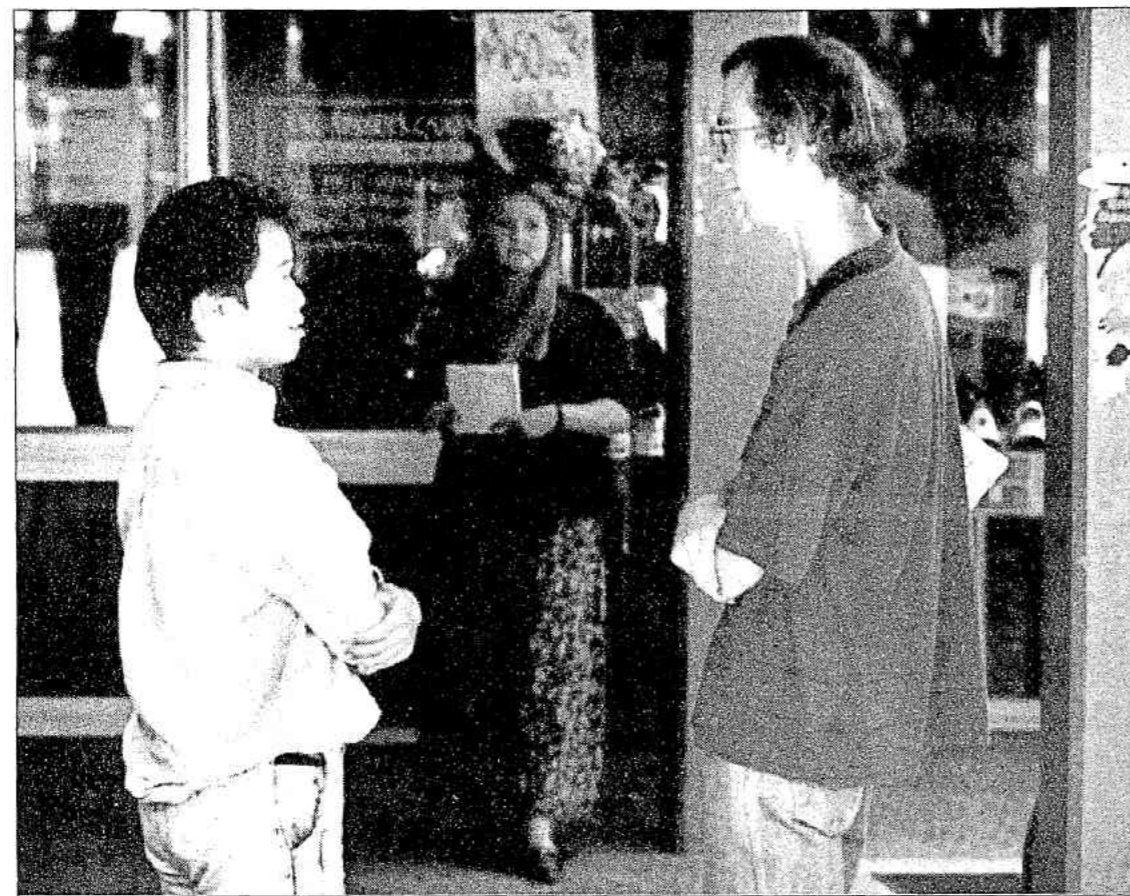
"At one stage the entire Australian Rules Football Club came down *en masse* after training to vote."

The Kick Start team also criticised the single polling location inside the Sports Union, arguing that "polling should have also occurred in Union Court."

"As a consequence, many ordinary students who pay their GSF did not have the opportunity to vote."

The 1995 elections were the first to be held over a three day period.

Sit on my face: page 22



Politics meets sport: Kick Start's Jon Taylor (right) engages a potential voter outside the Sports Union, while We Support Sport candidate, Jenny Wells, looks on.

Nice try, but dismal execution

Kick Start's recent attempt to wrestle control of the Sports Union Council back from non-students was good in theory, but poor in execution.

Frankly, I find it amazing that it's taken twenty years for a team of students to challenge the status quo.

For years, Executive Officers of the Sports Union have effectively hand-picked their Sports Councils, reducing them to nothing more than rubber stamps for unaccountable backroom decisions.

If undergraduate students really knew the extent to which their money was subsidising well-to-do Canberraans, they might start showing a bit of interest.

The real kick in the teeth for undergrads is that the new Sports Council boasts a grand total of zero undergraduates.

Events of the past few weeks suggest that student interest is the last thing that Ross Jones wants. As Executive Officer of the Sports Union, he numbers amongst a small group of empire builders on this campus.

Like Philip Selth (Pro-Vice-Chancellor) and Don Hardman (Buildings and Grounds), Jones is responsible

Comment by Gary Rasmussen



for spending a lot of money.

He reacted to recent interest in the affairs of the Sports Union by resisting attempts by students to question the way in which that money is allocated.

The Sports Union has a multi-million dollar budget and draws almost half a million dollars directly from students through their GSF payment.

Jones is concerned that sport on this campus should not become "political".

He should be. You can do a lot with half a million dollars. How any institution spends other people's money simply *has* to be a political issue.

Half the students on this campus don't even use the Sports Union. Can Ross Jones reassure these people that they needn't worry how their money is being spent?

What this campus needs is a coherent bunch of students with a real interest in sport and a commitment to

taking a microscope to the Sports Union budget.

Kick Start suffered from a complete lack of cohesion and commitment.

The campaign was run by one or two people and the others were just hangers-on to give the ticket a bit of bulk.

That's no way to win an election. It should have been immediately obvious to the Kick Start power-brokers that you can't change 20 years of student apathy towards the goings-on of the Sports Union in a week and a half of negative campaigning.

Students were picking up the Kick Start election paraphernalia and wondering what all the fuss was about.

Kick Start would have been well advised to take a page out of the book of the No Fees activists, who understand the importance of building a campaign from the ground up.

But all that withers does not die. At least the issue of how the Sports Union spends student money is on the agenda.

Maybe next year, Ross?



Stairmaster: David Osmond displays the trophy he won for being the second person up the Empire State Building in February.

ANU's vertical runner

David Osmond, third year ANU science student, is quiet, unassuming and — one of the fastest stair-runners in the world.

Since his Sydney debut in stair-running last year, David has enjoyed triumphs in Canberra and New York.

For being the first to scale the 1385 stairs of Sydney's Centrepoint Tower last October, David won a trip to the United States.

While there, he competed in the Empire State Building Run, came second, and received no material reward whatsoever.

David isn't complaining — he is now eyeing off the Melbourne Rialto Tower race which promises \$5000 in

cash and air travel for first place.

In stair-running, competitors have to cram through a small door leading to the stairwell, right at the start of the race, and this "cramming" is often accompanied by "biffo."

David described the "biffo" at the start of the Empire State Building race as "not too bad."

Competitors also need to deal with the exhaustion of climbing 1575 stairs.

David described the pain from lactic acid build-up as "not too bad."

For those who want to improve their stair-running abilities, David revealed the secret of his success: "a lot of cycling up Black Mountain in low gear."

Board of the Faculties election

An election will be held on April 12 to fill a student vacancy in the membership of the Board of The Faculties.

Nominations have been called for the newly created position of Institute of the Arts representative.

The elected representative will hold office until August 31 1995.

Nominations for the position must be received by 4pm on Friday March 24 1995.

For more information concerning nominations, contact the Returning Officer on the second floor of the Chancellery.

Club it to death

Campus and community happenings

ANU Amnesty International
The ANU Amnesty group will be meeting weekly every Monday at 12pm in the Bridge meeting room. The group will be working on the Indonesia and Sudan campaigns, letterwriting and organising speakers for meetings. If you are interested in supporting human rights, Amnesty is for you.

Bacchus Society

The ANU Wine Appreciation Group pops the cork for 1995 at its Annual General Meeting on March 24. The location is the picturesque staff centre Old Canberra House, Liversidge St, ANU. New members welcome. Enquiries phone 257 8573.

Bargain books

The Lifeline Book Fair will take place Friday 24 - Sunday 26 March, at the Albert Hall from 10am daily. There will be over 90,000 pre-loved books for sale including books for children, students, collectors of memorabilia and anyone who enjoys a good book. Prices start from a ridiculous 20 cents. Sheet music and records will also be available for purchase. Enquiries Lifeline Office on 247 0655.

Chocoholics Society

Tickets are now on sale for the ANU Chocoholics Society Easter Ball. The Ball will be held in the Karmel room on Wednesday April 12. Tickets are \$20 for members, and \$25 for non-members (purchaser becomes a member). Not only will there be shitloads of chocolate and great music, but you will be treated to a scrumptious three-course meal. Buy your ticket from the stall in the Refectory or call Heidi Zwar on 281 4351.

ANU Film Group

The ANU film group operates on a membership basis. Once you become a member, you can see any film without additional payments. Semes-

ter membership costs \$23, annual membership \$35. Upcoming films include: *Manhattan Murder Mystery + Manhattan* (Friday March 24), *Filmstones + Junior* (Sunday March 26), *Richard III* (Tuesday March 28).

Jellybabies

Jellybabies, the social group for all lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered students and staff at the ANU, and their friends, is holding its next meeting on Friday March 31 at 4:30pm. The venue is The Meridian



The ANU Mountain Biking Club holds regular Saturday rides.

Club, 34 Mort Street, Braddon. Come along, meet new people, enjoy a drink and a game of pool.

Literary Society

If you are interested in being a President, Secretary or Treasurer, these prestigious positions are vacant. Low workload, less pay. Nominations to the Narcissus pigeonhole in the English Department (AD Hope building).

Mountain bikers

The ANU Mountain Bike Club holds weekly rides for members every Sat-

urday at 9:30am, meeting in Union Court. The rides are not competitive, but are simply aimed at people who like taking their bikes offroad. Also, a maintenance workshop will be held at 5:30pm on Friday 24 March. For further information, call Ian Trickett on 2674323 or Chris Ernst on 2674522.

Free meditation

Meditation classes are presented by the Sri Chinmoy Centre every Monday in the Counselling Centre at 1pm.

SAGE

The SAGE AGM was held on March 10. Those elected were Alan Dow (President), Victor Shortus (Treasurer and Functions Secretary), Sheena Jack (Administration Secretary), Fred Hart and Sylvia Match (Publicity Officers), and Jenny Davies, Maxine Burrell, Bob Fuderer (Committee). The meeting resolved to support the SA campaign against fees, and to take action on parking and a permanent space for the society. The next SAGE meeting is Friday March 24 at 5:30pm in the Union Bridge.

College students perform better

On-campus students get better marks and are less likely to withdraw from their courses than off-campus students, according to a new report.

The report, *A Study of the Academic Results of On-Campus and Off-Campus Students*, states that "there is some evidence of marginally lower academic achievement and marginally higher failure rates amongst off-campus students."

Research strongly suggests that "off-campus students are more likely to withdraw from courses than their on-campus colleagues."

The disparity between the two groups apparently diminishes after finishing first year.

Clarification

The *Woroni* O-Week Liftout Guide contained an article entitled "Pubs, Clubs and ADFA boys" which reviewed various Canberra nightclubs. The article did not purport to be one of objective fact. The article was based largely on the personal experience of writer and accordingly carried statements of opinion. *Woroni* apologises for any confusion this may have caused.

biteback

Remember, you're a woman first

Dear Victoria Tower,
The fact that you still don't believe we need a women's handbook (*Sit On My Face*, *Woroni* 9/3) saddens me. Women have enough trouble gaining respect and recognition from men to have to convince other women of their unique needs due to our historically undervalued position.

Perhaps there would not be a need for the women's handbook if women were no longer raped, sexually harassed, force-fed images of anorexic glamour kittens, portrayed as witches, housewives or whores and doomed for expressing their sexuality; and there existed a totally safe method of contraception, comprehensive child care and truly equal

opportunity for education and employment.

These are all issues addressed in *Isweet! and sticky*. The intrinsic value of the Women's Handbook is in that it educates women and thus enables them to demand the human rights and social conditions that are thought to be essential for the prospering of human beings.

I believe that this is crucial, especially for first year women who may not have had to stand up for themselves to date and are therefore unaware of the issues that face them as women.

Remember you are a woman first, a political entity second.

Lea Mai

look at me, I'm the middle man

Dear *Woroni*,
Alison Penfold's letter in the last *Woroni* in relation to the campus political middle ground would have to be the biggest crock of shit that I've read in a while. The average punter only need look at the letters page from the last edition of this esteemed publication to see that the Labor Students Club occupies the "middle ground" of student politics. On one hand we have the mad left (in all their mutations) accusing us of being conservatives and the far right (read Liberal Club) accusing us of being a "constant bedfellow of the leftie groups on campus". Hmm... that tends to indicate a middle ground scenario to me.

Labor Students believe in an SA and Union with enough funding to provide worthwhile and necessary services for students. We reject the slash and burn ideological approach of the Liberals. However, we will also fight to stop this year's extremist SA administration from squandering student money on futile campaigns like freeing East Timor, Haiti, and remembering student riots in Paris in 1968

(who bloody cares about 1968!).

If Ms Penfold is sick and tired of being branded a "right-wing fucker", perhaps she should consider her extremist position on issues like student unionism, political correctness, and the level of the General Service Fee. Alternatively, she could just get a great big woolly dog up her!

Finally and on a more pleasant note, I would like to offer my congratulations to the editorial staff of *Woroni* for the great work they have done so far. It is refreshing to see some quality journalism emanating from the back of the Union building. However, I feel duty bound to mention that rumours have been spreading about a certain fat, polo playing media mogul with a large cricket stump protruding from his backside expressing interest in adding *Woroni* to his stable of publications. Watch out guys, his finger probably doesn't smell too good!

Andrew Barr
President, Labor Students Club

fan mail

Youse mob,
Woroni 9/3/95 — the first worth reading in 2 years.

Peter Wibberley



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Firewalker



I've always been a kind of clumsy person. You know, the one who falls over the "watch your step" signs in department stores. My greatest fear at this point is that I will mistime my first step and do one of my infamous belly skids along the length of the pit. A cock up like that would be kind of hard to laugh off, especially if I have no bloody face left. I got myself through the whole tattoo thing with the aid of several gallons of vodka. Unfortunately this cannot help me now. I'd ignite and fall over. I guess I'll give it a burl; apparently this is going to make me a better person. But what I want to know is "will it get me a high paying job in the private sector?"

What? Firewalking
Where? The Australian Institute of Sports
Who? Me, through the benevolence of a company called Optima Seminars
When? 28th February 1995
Why? Cause Woroni said I have to Scared? Yep!

It all seemed so far away and safe. I figured, yeah I can do this. I've flirted with death before, hell I once went to the Asylum wearing shoulderpads. But before I knew it I was chatting to Michael Yaxley in the humdinger Caffè Della Piazza about what to expect.

There are many different theories as to why firewalking is possible, and the kind of freaky thing is that there is no real consensus as to the integrity of any particular theory. Some people theorise that a vaporised moisture from perspiration serves as protection against the heat (the sweaty foot theory). Others believe that the outside temperature of the coals is in fact a lot colder than the inside, and that

the speed at which one performs the firewalk prevents the flesh from ever reaching that 50 degrees celsius needed to inflict burns (the wanky physicist theory). There is a bit of a problem with these theories though in that many people get burned the instant their feet touch the coals, and some people have been known to stop in the middle of their firewalk for as long as 20 seconds.

Optima Seminars explain the phenomenon of firewalking in terms of one's aura being recentred to form a kind of balloon that protects the feet from any harm. This aura of energy creates a kind of balance that negates the impact of heat (the new agey theory). I wasn't following him at this point. I just nodded and agreed that firewalking was indeed a metaphor for life.

To be perfectly honest it all seemed like a load of crap but I found myself too scared to say it considering I was placing my feet in his hands the very next evening. Michael as-

ured me that only 5 in 100 people actually burn. Jeez I've been in that unlucky 5% for my entire life, why the hell should things change now.

A: If I have doubt, will I get burnt?

M: Yes.

Not exactly the answer I was hoping for folks. Ye Gods, I actually have to believe that I can realign my aura to protect my feet from 1000 degree heat. I don't even believe in higher education let alone bloody auras. All my life people have told me I'm gonna burn in Hell, and if you consider the AIS as the realm of Satan, maybe they were right. Tomorrow is judgement day. My feet are already sore. I stood out on the road yesterday in bare feet.

I began to consider myself as being in some weirdass version of *Brewster's Millions*. I have to get out of this somehow, but I can't pull out otherwise Janina will shoot me. I decided to yearn for rain. ▶

◀ Oh God, today's the big day. What to wear? After four hours of trying on everything in my wardrobe I settled for the comfort factor of my oldest, most familiar jeans and my newest most favourite T-shirt. It has started to rain. My prayers have been answered. I'm not sure if I believe that people can walk across fire without getting burnt but I tell you what, I sure believe in the rain dance. I called Michael Yaxley again to ask him if the firewalk was cancelled because of the weather, but it's not — buggert!

Well I may as well set about making things easier for myself. I called all the people whom I had previously invited along for moral support and told them to piss off. My incentive: I read through all the literature last night and became aware of the fact that I would be forced to clap, sing, dance, chant and perform a karate manoeuvre before jumping feet first into the pit of flames. Well, certain death is one thing but utter humiliation in the face of certain death is another. I don't want anyone to witness this singing and clapping business. For all I know "yes yes yes I can do it I love myself and can conquer anything!" may well be my last words. Think of all the shit the *Woroni* team would give me if they found out.

I arrived late at the AIS, tried to get lost but couldn't, due to the enormous signs plastered all over the place. I got given a sticky name tag, tried to adhere it to my forehead but it kept slipping off because of the sweat. The air was decidedly tense. There were about 23 people in all, including the Canberra Grammar rowing team, public servants, young kids with hippy parents, and the proverbial fire psychos, I was one of only five women. We finally sat down for the preliminary lecture from the famous Peter Blackburn, the owner, founder and Guru of Optima Seminars. The talk was very long but really quite interesting once I

decided to overlook the fact that Herr Blackburn was wearing an exceedingly dodgy tie.

We were all feeling quite relaxed (and in denial) until talk started about the fire. We would be walking across coals burning at 1000 degrees fahrenheit: eight times the intensity required to frazzle human flesh. The room erupted into a bizarre hum of frantic nail biting. Having already rid myself of all superfluous external cartilage, I began to gnaw my leg.

One hour, and a crash course on Australian psycho-sociology later, we all got given a piece of wood upon which to write negative forces in our life. These pieces of wood would then be placed upon the 7 metre long fire pit and set alight. I must confess that I really got off on this gratuitous symbology. It was really quite nice. Thankfully, we weren't asked to share what we had written, but I took a sneaky journalistic peek at those I could. Most people had written a single word like "negativity" or "unhappiness."

I started work on my own piece of wood, a thesis on the confusing nature of weirdass reverse Cinderella complexes, my request for a fourth piece of wood on which to write a conclusion and bibliography were rejected so I wacked it on the pile, a masterpiece unfinished. It was set alight, with a bang (and my whimpers) We stood around and got scared. It was at this point that my freakout reached its peak. We had a five minute break during which I gave myself a little talking to; "lose the scepticism Amber or else you'll be spending the next month in the burns unit of Woden Valley Hospital."

We went back inside for a practise. Many people were very excited by this stage, others were contemplative after watching their greatest fears burn away. I tried to climb out the air vent in the toilet but after a quick peek in the roof decided to face the fire rather than the X-File type inbred faecal mutants in



the ceilings of the AIS. Upon my sulky return to the main room we were divided up into groups of three. I was placed with the lovely smiling Colin and the delightful hugging Betty who had come all the way from Sydney just to walk on fire. The actual firewalk would also take place in groups of three, with one person performing the firewalk (eg me) while Betty and Colin would run alongside holding my hands, hugging and smiling at me respectively, and ensuring I don't fall over or quit half way.

For the next 45 minutes we all took turns running up and down the room, holding hands, hugging, smiling, clapping and shouting out affirmations at the top of our voices. By this time I had completely lost all semblance of dignity and joined in wholeheartedly. Sucked into the vortex of new age fervour I had a sudden revelation that I could actually pull this off; maybe I could be a professional firebabe. We lay down on the floor for relaxation exercise and then we went out to the pit.

Listen, I can't begin to describe how terrified I became at this point. I saw the glowing pit of coals and just said "NO!". I spotted the *Woroni* photographer and

Keeping your cool

Amazing as Amber's feat is, it is not totally unprecedented. History is replete with stories of firewalkers, both amateur and professional, tapdancing their way through the coals. Fire-eaters are still seen at fairs and fetes. Arsonists are still seen at courts and psychiatrists. However, none of these can compete with a select group of people: the true fire kings who were incombustible.

Take as an example an Englishman named Richardson, who was celebrated in France and England. His stage act was pretty fabulous: he put red-hot iron bars in his mouth, and boiled oysters on a coal on his tongue. Unfortunately, this eighteenth century wonder was exposed as a very wonderful eighteenth century fraud by his disgruntled assistant, so bang goes that bit of proof.

Nonetheless, there are cases where no claims of trickery were substantiated. Best known amongst them are the incomparable Chabert and Jo Girardelli, who both emerged in Regency London, that magnet for the charlatans, quacks and zanies, as well as those of genuine talent.

Ms Girardelli arrived in London in

1814 from Italy and quickly wowed the punters by swilling hot sealing wax and boiling oil, playing around with red hot iron bars, and generally behaving in an irresponsible manner with matches. There are pictures of her entering an oven with a joint of meat, but no reports of her actually doing so.

That stunt however was pulled by Chabert, who emerged from an oven hot enough to cook steak (he took it well done). Other crowd pleasing acts involved the usual boiling oil, molten lead and sealing wax, but it seems he was the only one to burn his shirt off his back by covering it with fireworks and setting them alight.

In nature, for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction; in this case, it is called spontaneous human combustion. While not officially recognised as a cause of death, SHC has a long and proud history, including an appearance in Dickens' *Bleak House* and allegedly killing martial arts film star Bruce Lee in 1973.

There are several factors which set SHC apart from ordinary deaths in fires. Firstly, the body is not just burnt but reduced to ashes, which suggests

a heat far greater than that in usual fires. Secondly, despite this intense heat, the furnishings in the room are intact (compare with an ordinary house fire where the furnishings burn quickly). Thirdly, the room is often quite small and poorly ventilated, lacking the oxygen to fuel a fire which could destroy a body.

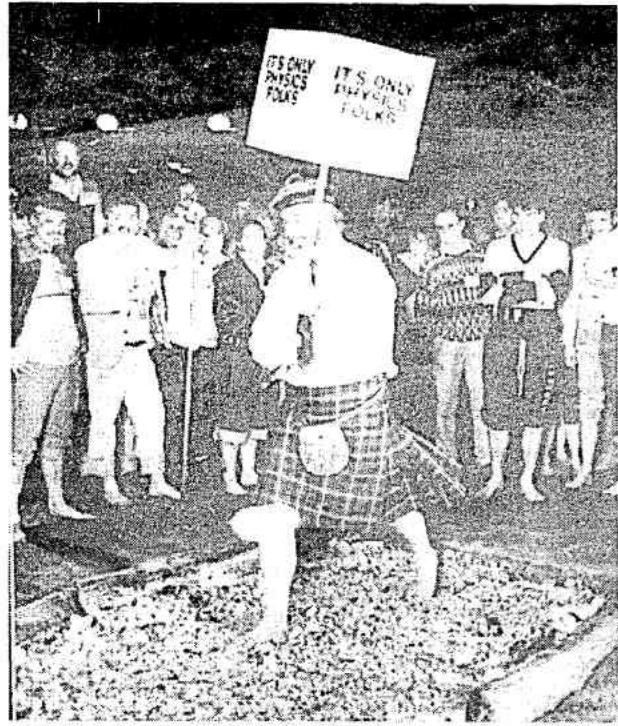
Often SHC will be "explained" away by coroners; the deceased fell headfirst into a fire while unconscious, or went to sleep with a cigarette alight. That a fire fierce enough to destroy a human body didn't burn anything else in the room is not seen as anomalous.

John Heylmer, a fireman in the UK, was called to a fire some years ago. When he got to the derelict house, he found the house was not alight; it was the vagrant inside who was burning. He was already dead. His body was intact except for his stomach, from which issued blue flames. The fire was put out when water was aimed into the stomach cavity. SHC or a failed stunt a la Chabert? As ever, you make the call.

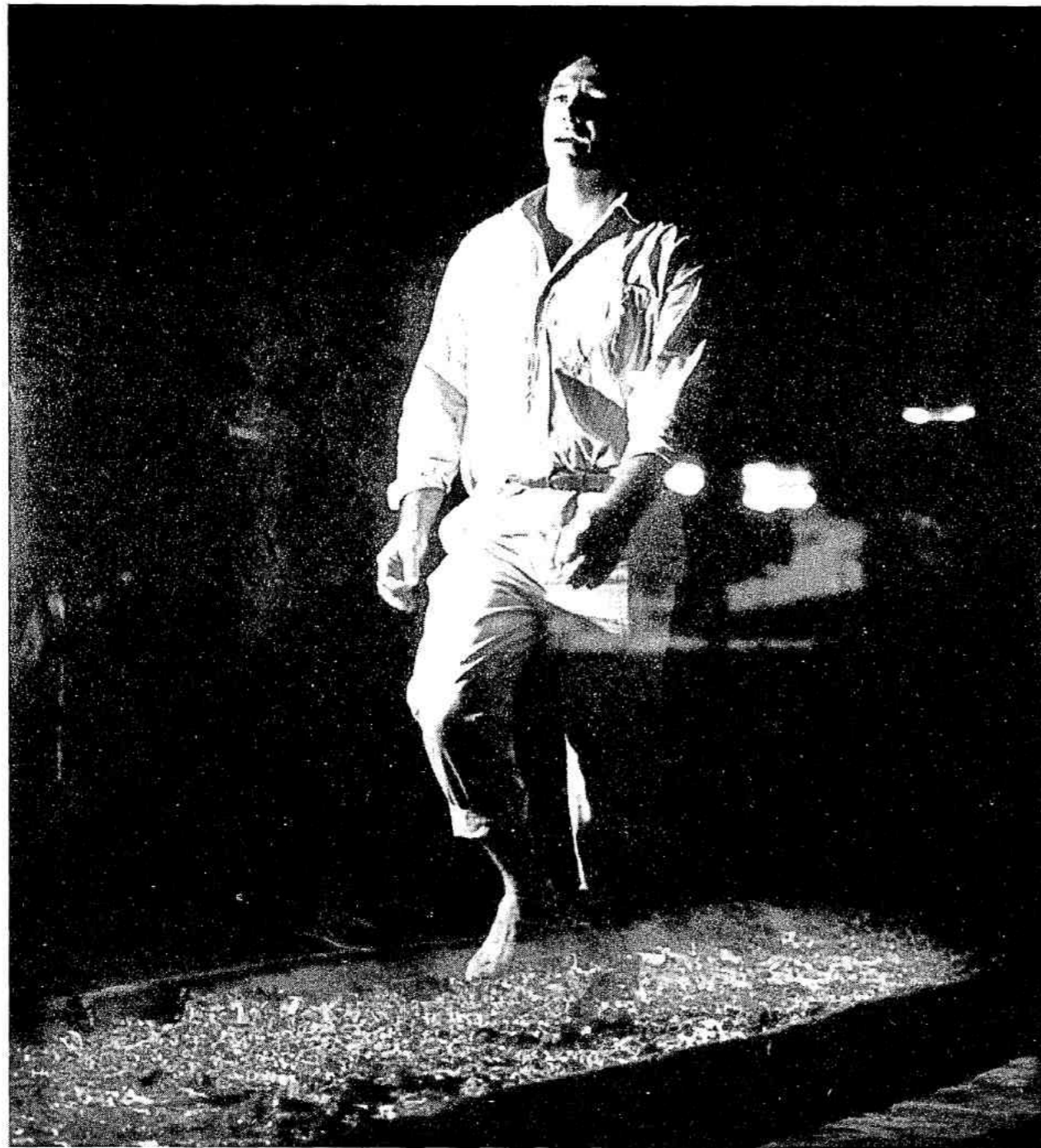
Roger the Cabin Boy



Jo Girardelli using hot shovels to prove a point.



Left: Amber relaxes after the event with Michael Yaxley, flushed with the excitement of it all. **Above:** Sceptical Professor John Campbell claims firewalking can be explained purely by the laws of physics. **Right:** Another firewalker tries his luck.



thought "well, what a bloody waste of time! There is no way I'm gonna do this." All of a sudden, people just started walking, they were doing it, they weren't burning. I couldn't believe it. There was the most phenomenal noise, people clapping and shouting and chanting it was like that scene from *The Lord of the Flies*. Smiling Colin and hugging Betty both walked. This was a bit of a turning point for me. I found being a runner so hard, the heat of the coals was so intense that the hairs on my arms got singed, but my mission was to hold their hands and keep them on track. This was also a lot harder than I expected. It is very difficult to explain but a firewalker seems to go into a terrified trance, their body moving fast and jerkily, testimony to a battle between the conscious and subconscious minds. I ran alongside, gripping their arms, trying to keep them in the middle.

It is now time for me to attempt to describe to all you sceptical *Woroni* readers out there my "very close to spiritual" experience. Michael had told me that you simply *know* when it is the *right time*. I had completely given up hope, and was imagining all the shit everyone was going to give me for being a complete piker, but suddenly my body began to tremble and I knew that I had to walk. I grabbed hold of Betty and Colin, walked to the top of the pit, took three deep breaths, began to shout out my mantra of "Yes! Yes! Yes!" and then just before I took my first step I looked down at the burning embers, something that we'd been told to avoid at all costs. In that split second I plunged my right foot into the coals and thought "I'm going to burn." I don't remember the rest of my firewalk, I just remember staring at the catcher waiting for me, of being focused, of an intense noise. On that first step I had burned my right foot, nothing bad, just two small blisters. I didn't feel them 'til about 3 minutes after I had finished. I fell into the arms of the catcher, team mate Betty gave me a big hug, I felt euphoric, yet at the same time I didn't believe that I had actually done it. I almost fainted from the adrenalin rush. People kept walking — some of them went three or four times — but I didn't want to. I went and sat down with Peter the trusty photographer and had a really big whinge. My feet hurt like hell and everyone else seemed to be

having a better time than me. I decided that I mustn't have done it right, that I'd failed at my first attempt at new ageism. When we all went back inside I began to realise that most of the group had been a bit burned, but I was the only one complaining about it. Again, I had a revelation: it didn't matter that I got two tiny blisters, nor that my feet were hurting because it was more than a firewalk. It was a positive affirmation — for one second I actually believed in something, I believed that I could do anything I wanted to.

So, who are right? The sweaty foot theorists, the wanky physicists or the new agers? My masterful investigative attempts at uncovering the truth behind the firewalking phenomenon have failed. To be perfectly honest, I have no bloody idea how I did it. All I do know is that even the most hardened cynic can be softened up enough to believe in the power of positive thought, if only for the time it takes to walk 13 steps over hot coals and then write a crappy article about it.

Thinking about it now I still maintain that it was a really big achievement. My feet hurt but hey, I walked across 1000 degree coals, I made a conscious decision to take that first step into a substance that I have been told to avoid all my life: fire is hot, fire burns, fire is bad: bollocks! You don't have to remain a victim of societal programming. If your parents are alcoholics it doesn't mean you have to be; if you were a victim of assault it doesn't mean that you will some day dole out the same treatment to someone else.

Firewalking demands that you create a new vision, a new reality where you don't have to live up to anyone's expectations, where you don't let anyone place limitations on you, where you remove yourself from the comfort zones of everyday life and surprise yourself. I was forced to turn my fear into positive energy and make a 100% commitment in the face of abject terror.

It's very hard to make this sound anything but cheesy, and indeed it did have its cheesy Hollywood doco moments. At the end of the evening we gathered together to compare experiences and Guru Blackburn said to us "You know, not all groups come together the way that you guys did this evening. Just think, if there were more people like you we really could save this planet." I felt like gagging but joined in with the Academy Award applause cause even though you know it's bullshit it's a really nice thing to hear.

Optima Seminars run firewalks approximately every 8 weeks in Canberra. The next program is scheduled for the 6th of April. They are prepared to offer a 50% discount to full time students. If you're interested contact Michael Yaxley on 2889537.

W O R

Kirsty Ruddock caught up with Nawal Hassan Osman, the founder of the Sudanese women's organisation, "Yed El Marra" (literally Women's Fist) on International Women's Day during her visit to Canberra to launch the Community Aid Abroad Walk Against Want, to talk about women in Africa, especially in her country which has been devastated by civil war, famine and Islamic fundamentalism.

Nawal was born in South Darfur Province of northern Sudan. She has completed a degree in Social Science at Alexandria University in Egypt, and a Diploma of Agriculture in the Netherlands. Nawal has worked for Save the Children Fund in 1983-4, and for Oxfam United Kingdom and Ireland from 1985 to 1991.

For many Australians, her homeland remains unknown, so it seemed appropriate to start by asking her for some general information about Sudan.

"Sudan is in the North of Africa, and is the largest state in Africa. It is made up of desert in the North, and rich and tropical savannah in the South. It has a population of 26 million people, 70% of which live in rural areas existing mainly on agricultural activities. At present, its economic situation is poor, and most Sudanese live below the poverty line. Its poor economic conditions have been caused by the civil war that has been raging since the British left in the 1950's, and World Bank and IMF economic policies. The Sudanese Government is not democratic and since 1989 has been controlled by an Islamic fundamentalist government, effectively alienating relations with many western countries.

"Women in Sudan are the poorest of the poor, al-

though they play a large role in agricultural work in Sudan. They usually work on their land from the preparation of crops to their storage. Women usually have to walk about 13km to get access to water for their homes and crops. Often they also have to walk to a grinding mill, or instead grind their millet and sorghum by hand with traditional stones.

"Health services in Sudan are poor, even in urban areas. There is one doctor to 30, 000 people, and a general shortage of health personnel.

"The Government uses pressure from the west as propaganda, and emphasises that many nations are anti-Islam. The pulling out of economic aid and capital in response from the west however has harmed many innocent people in Sudan whose have been affected by the general downturn in economic conditions.

What is your advice in handling the universality of human rights issue? Often, for instance western nations are criticised for imposing their human rights standards on other countries without consideration of cultural differences.

"This allegation is used in many third world countries. The human rights issue is very complicated. It is a privilege of certain groups to have women oppressed and kept in their situation. They will use these kinds of allegations to say it is not your affair, but it is an

international issue. These issues need to be raised internationally.

"The Sudanese government however is taking some of these criticisms seriously. Personally, I think these issues need to be raised. However I do not believe that western governments should ignore the Sudanese government because of their fundamentalism. They need to empower the people to have their voices heard. However it is important that human rights continues on the agenda so that dissenting voices can be heard, and they are not arrested or forced to disappear. Therefore the existence of international organisations in the country is very important because they can witness what is going on and bring this to the attention of the world."

What have you found is the best way to put pressure on the Sudanese government?

"The best way is through non-government organisations. People are not aware and tend to believe what the government is saying. Therefore it is better to criticise from outside rather than government to government. United Nations organisations have found it difficult to exert government pressure, but they have still been given the opportunity to work in Sudan without too many restrictions. These organisations are powerful in the media but not in practical terms."

What kinds of restrictions exist on freedom of dis-

K



cussion and information in the Sudan?

"There is no freedom of information, only freedom of the press, yet this only involves the government press. When we had a democracy there were many different points of view, now there are none. The parliament is also not elected; all are appointed by the government. This is supposedly the place to have discussions.

"We are able to meet, but we don't discuss politics. Sometimes security guys are sent to attend our meetings. Down in the rural areas however we are free to talk to people about any issue we want, because the government are not interested in the rural areas. They are more interested in controlling the decision making areas like Khartoum. So it is not that hard to meet, and discuss things, especially in rural areas. So far as the government is concerned, they are concerned about Khartoum, and we are able to have some demonstrations. Sudan is very centralised in that way."

Can you explain to us about the civil war in Sudan? "The war is not really just between the North and the South. It is between the government and the rebel forces, the SPLA. The SPLA have also become factionalised, and often change their agenda in the war to suit the times. Originally they were communist and fighting to liberate the

Sudanese, now they are fighting for independence from the North.

"The ethnic factors are not a large factor in the war. I believe that the war is the result of injustice, because there has not been equal sharing of power and resources. However the majority in the North are Muslims and there are a majority of Christians in the South. Generally however there is not conflict between the two religions as in other North African states, although some have tried to paint the conflict as driven by religion.

"The tragedy of this war is the use of children in the conflict. Both sides are using children under 18. Now they are also taking women to fight in the war."

Does it look like the Sudanese government will accept self determination of the south of the country to end the civil war?

"The views on this issue vary. I personally believe that you cannot bring people together by power. It should be put to the people in a referendum whether they want one Sudan or separate nations. I tend to agree with giving the southern part a chance to vote in such a referendum, with help from the UN.

"This would solve some of our domestic problems because the war has caused some of Sudan's economic problems. People have suffered much from the conflict. Many people believe that this would be the best

way to solve the problem. I lost family in the war. It is hard to find a family in the North that has not lost family as a result of the war.

Are there many refugees as a result of the war?

"There are many refugees in Sudan. Many people have fled to Khartoum from the conflict in the South. In my region especially we are very much affected by the situation in other African states. We have refugees from Chad, Libya and Central African nations, especially during the drought years. In the east, there have also been refugees from the Eritrea and Ethiopia. There have also been some from Uganda and Kenya and all over the place?

What kind of environmental problems does Sudan face?

"There is a problem, especially in our region, in cutting down trees, and not replanting them. We are heavily dependent on wood, we built our houses out of it, and also use it as firewood. It is of concern that some different trees might actually disappear. Therefore some environmental organisations are working on replanting different kinds of trees.

"In our region, we experience drought from time to time, and some of the more drought resistant plants have also been destroyed."

You are involved with Women's Fist — what exactly is it? ▶

◀ "Women's Fist is a non-governmental organisation founded by a group of Sudanese women in 1988. Our optimum goal is to empower women in Sudan and to get them to discuss issues, including political issues. We hope to therefore mobilise them in order to change their situation there and combat the growth in Islamic fundamentalism in our society.

"Empowering women in Sudan is not an easy task. One of the major issues the organisation faces is the issue of poverty, and this is being addressed by income generating projects, according to needs of those involved. These include vegetable growing, dairy projects, and cereal bank- a food security project to combat droughts that happen from time to time. We also have educational programs on water, hygiene, family planning, female circumcision and literacy. Through the media we also have discussions on women's problems and women's rights.

"One of the main income generating activities is the grinding mill in Milebeda, and others are being built with the support of Community Aid Abroad. These mills run as a cooperative providing women in the area with a place to grind sorghum and millet, rather than doing it by hand. The grinding mill does not only ease women's workloads in these areas but provides them with access to technology. This mill is fully operated by women themselves; they work as technicians and operators. This enables them to be fully in

Khartoum, which is a long way from where he lives. I said "I cannot do this", and instead they said I needed a male relative to say that allow to travel. I therefore had to get my brother to authorise my trip in order to get an exit visa

"Unfortunately, Sudan is a traditionally male dominated society. Women do not have much power in the level of decision making and high positions. However, four out of the ten judges on the High Court of Sudan are women.

"Having women there is not enough, you need women who are gender aware. There are some women ministers in the government, yet they do not have the serious portfolios, only education and social welfare.

"Feminist women are not given a chance. They do not want women to work in a political capacity. We are trying to have workshops with women in key posts, to push women's issues.

"We do also have contact with other women's organisations in Africa, who we exchange information with. Non-governmental organisations have met in Africa, in Senegal to discuss women and peace in Africa, and women in business, in the lead up to the Beijing Women's Conference. We hope that one of the neighbours of our organisation will get a chance to go to the Conference, but this depends on money."

What is the standard of literacy of women in Sudan?

"This is true, the government has put restrictions on women to wear the hijab, so that all your head is covered. If you are not wearing the Islamic dress, as a woman you are not allowed to enter the office if you are government employed. You are also not allowed to enter the university if you are a student. The idea is to keep all the women dressed properly. A way to empower housewives is to get them to work for non-government organisations where they do not face such restrictions.

"Some women have been tortured, especially in Khartoum, especially if they wear the ginz (indigenous dress). It was different before, as you were free to wear what you liked. Now they believe if you are a Muslim woman, you must wear the hijab. It is getting difficult especially difficult for women and we need to struggle hard."

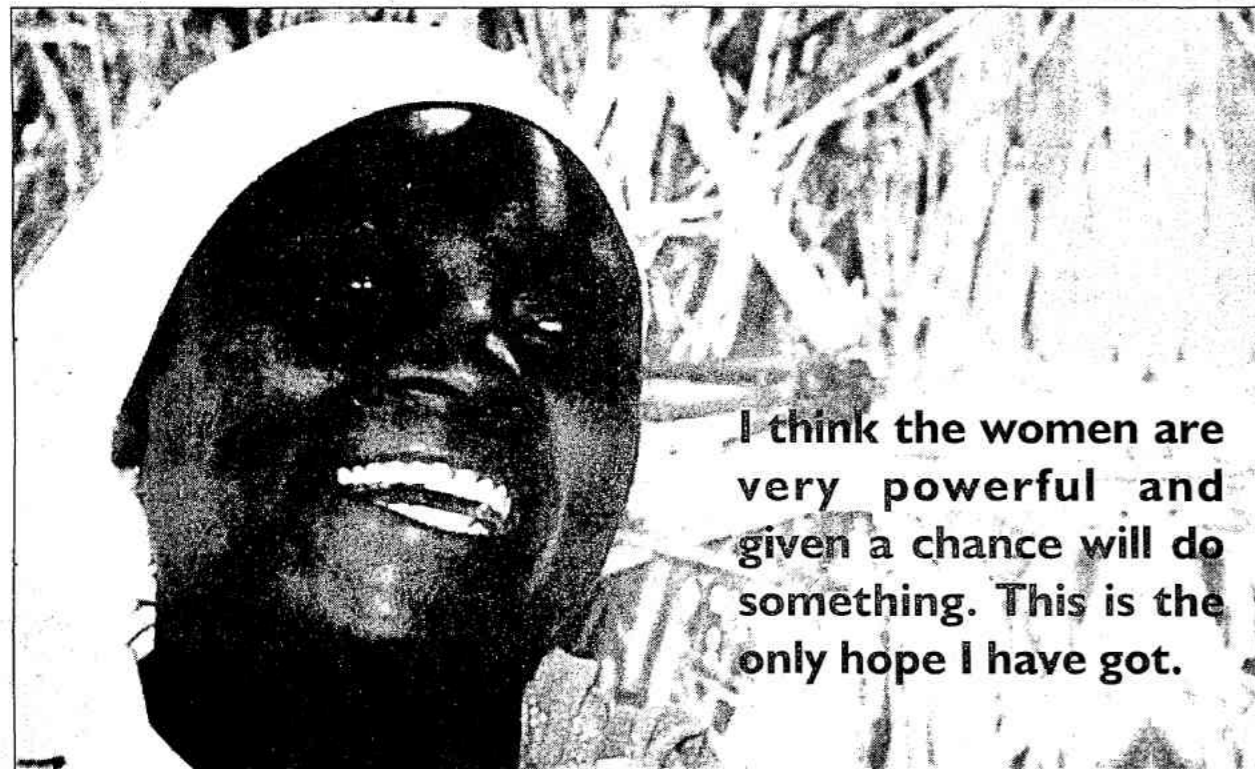
Are attitudes changing towards female circumcision?

"In Sudan, female circumcision has been associated with civilisation. The practice came to Sudan from Egypt. It is in fact more widespread in the towns than rural areas. In my region, those living near towns tend to circumcise their daughters. It has been widely practised, although from the 1950's it was forbidden by law. However the law has not been enforced at all.

"Non-government organisations like ours are working to eradicate the practice, mainly through education. We do lots of workshops for women, where we bring along doctors, whose views are respected in relation to health issues, and religious men. It is not true that this practice is associated with the Muslim religion. Generally there is much awareness raising. Of my generation in our 30's, all of us are circumcised. But below my generation more than 60% are not circumcised."

Against such conditions, how can you and your organisation stay motivated to keep going?

"I am sure it is because of our solidarity as women. If we need to make any change in Sudan, it needs to come from the women. Because of that I trust the women and I would like to work for them. I will keep on going despite the difficulties, as long as I am free to travel. It is good that we can still travel around and talk to women. I think the women are very powerful and given a chance will do something. This is the only hope I have got."



I think the women are very powerful and given a chance will do something. This is the only hope I have got.

control of the mill. Around the mill, markets are beginning to develop. As a result, women are beginning to gain respect in these areas and have more influence in the leadership of their communities."

What sort of difficulties face a women's organisation in Sudan?

"When the project began, we faced some problems with the government. They accused us of being "communists", later a "western style agency" and a "anti-male organisation". Some people were questioned by security forces and the police, however this has not affected our work.

"Working in Sudan is becoming more difficult, involving struggle and patience. I have often travelled to Europe and Africa, yet this time was the hardest to get an exit visa. I spent a whole week going from office to office, with lots of letters. It used to take me 5 minutes to get an exit visa. I even had to get a letter from my father saying he was authorising me to go to Australia and he had no objections. They were not satisfied with this and said I had to bring my father to

Above: Nawal Hassan Osman
Right: After the success of the Milebada mill, another is under construction at Sinjewa. Photos courtesy of Graham Romanes/ Horizons magazine.



"About 80% of Sudanese women are illiterate, but we are working to change this through our literacy programs.

"When the British left in 1956, there was only one university in Sudan. Now there are universities in every state and schools have also grown, but much more progress still needs to be made."

Amnesty International has just released a report on Sudan, that documents widespread violations of women's rights, including flogging of women, who do not wear the hijab. Is this correct?

Nawal was in Australia to promote Community Aid Abroad's Walk Against Want, which is happening on Sunday 26th March 1995. All funds raised by the walk will go to support the establishment of more grinding mills and other education projects run by Women's Fist in Sudan, and an Aboriginal Resource Centre in Shepparton, Victoria. So contact Community Aid Abroad on 257 4472 to get hold of a sponsor book and get walking!

Why is this
android
looking so
happy? Is it
because he
has found
another
convert to
the freaky
cult of



Star Trek

“Space, the final
frontier...”

If you don't know where that's heading, where have you been for the last thirty years? Whether you're a hard-core fan, or Trekker, or one of the many who run screaming in the opposite direction the moment it's mentioned, it is unlikely that you've managed to avoid the hype that has become Star Trek. What started as a simple weekly television series has lead to arguably the largest cult dynasty of the last two generations. Three spin off series, seven movies, countless

our woman on board: jessica coates
pictures / interviews: kirsty farrell

novels and spoofs, not to mention the merchandising — comics, magazines, posters, figurines, models, costumes, boardgames, t-shirts, coffee cups, videos, computer games and even clock-radios (Paramount must be dancing all the way to the bank). And with the seventh movie opening in Australia at the end of the month, it can only get worse.

So, what makes Star Trek so mind-blowingly popular? For starters, it wasn't always so popular. The original pilot, shown in America in 1966, was never picked up by its parent network, but rather the concept was sold to another network which then proceeded to produce a series. Even then, it only last two and a bit seasons before being axed due to bad ratings. As for the first Star Trek movie, it's probably best described as a \$40 million flop. The popularity of the current spin off series cannot be disputed, the most popular

— Star Trek: The Next Generation (TNG) — rating well for all its seven seasons. Nevertheless, for the last few years it's been shown in Australia in the Tuesday 11:00 pm timeslot, hardly a ratings battleground.

The real word to describe Star Trek is cult. When they announced the cancellation of the original series in '68 the television network was not only literally swamped with letters and petitions, but large scale student protests actually marched on network buildings. I hate to say it, but it's gotten worse. TNG wins its timeslot without fail each week mainly because its fans are willing to stay up to *any* hour to watch it. It would probably do just as well at 4:00 am. This is the almost

religious dedication Star Trek inspires in its followers. It has more fan clubs than Jason Donovan has fans. There's even one exclusively for grannies. Hundreds travel half way around the world for Star Trek conventions and spend millions on paraphernalia. Some of these people can even explain the exact workings of a warp drive and have rational discussions as to the theological implica-

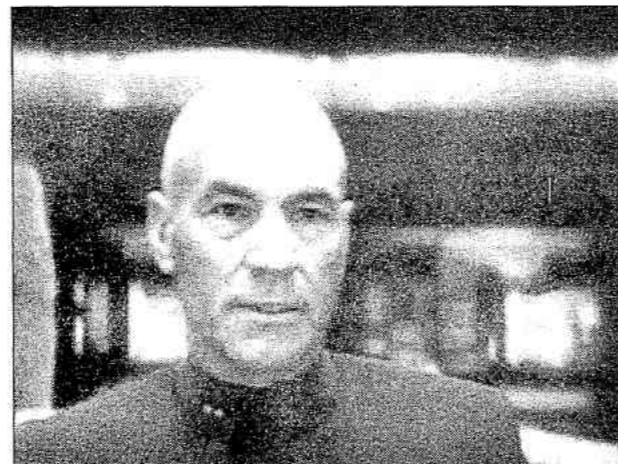
tions of the character 'Q' (I'm not kidding, check the Internet). Some, maybe even most may think this is taking it just a little bit too far. Even William Shatner, Captain Kirk in the Original Series (OS), said in a recent interview that Trekkers should 'get a life'.

Nevertheless, Gene Roddenberry, Star Trek's creator and (until his recent death) producer, must have got something right to inspire such dedication. Star Trek hardly follows the formulae for popular shows today. Let's face it, in these enlightened days there's one big seller in TV land: sex. Just look at Baywatch, or the Beverly Hills dynasty. Yet sex is almost entirely lacking in the Star Trek series. Sure, you'd hardly expect to see much in the original series, born in a time when even married television couples slept in separate beds. Actually, they were probably considered quite risqué, what with the women's uniforms (and believe me, the word should be used lightly) and all those aliens women in leotards and tights. It's kind of a 'How much flesh can we show and keep our PG rating?' fashion statement. Then there was Kirk's habit of running around without his shirt on and picking up available sexy woman. Still, nothing ever really came of this machismo.

Even in this, the decade of sexual exploitation, TNG characters have remained remarkably chaste — celibate would probably be a better word. Seven years



Left: "One day, all this will be real estate": Commander Data checks out his investment portfolio in the upcoming movie *Generations*. Right: Captain, my Captain: Kirk's machismo meets Picard's sultry Sean Connery impression.



Fun Facts about *Star Trek*

Impress your friends with your vast knowledge of Star Trek Trivia!

- When Captain Kirk (William Shatner) and Uhura (Nichelle Nichols) kissed in an episode of OS it was the first ever interracial kiss on American television.
- Only one character from the OS pilot episode remained in the first series — Dr Spock.

- played by Leonard Nimoy, who most recently refused to revive the role in Star Trek VII because he wasn't being paid enough.
- The cast of TNG once produced a Christmas album, including songs from all the main stars.
- An entirely new language, Klingon, was

- created for the Star Trek movies and TNG, complete with grammar and syntax. One American university offers a degree in this language and conversational Klingon courses are available by correspondence.
- The only English

- advertisement ever to be filmed entirely in a foreign language is for Pizza Hut. The language is Klingon.
- Elizabeth Taylor, Christopher Lloyd, Whoopi Goldberg and Stephen Hawking have all appeared in Star Trek.
- Leonard Nimoy, Spock in the original series, has

Above: what is this spaceship? Right: Is this (a) Spock (b) a Klingon (c) a steroid casualty?

actually visited a space station. The astronauts asked him for his autograph.



on a spaceship charting the nether regions of space and less than half a dozen confirmable sexual encounters among the main crew (of course, we never did find what Riker did in that room with that alien). Sure, there's been plenty of 'romantic allusions', every few episodes there's a tidbit for the pulp fiction element, but nothing that really makes a commitment. This could be said to be reflecting the military dedication of the crew, their strength of will, their sense of duty, or even just their anal retentiveness. But who do we think we're kidding? TNG, with all its politically correct and open minded views, still has its roots in the Bible-belt moralism of America. Just look at its women. Every one of them relatively young, thin and attractive you can hardly say that about the men. And while many of the incidental characters are wonderful, powerful, useful women since we lost Tasha, head of security, the only women among the main characters are a doctor and a counselor. Please!!!

If it isn't the sex that makes Star Trek popular perhaps it's the action. This could maybe work for the OS — it stuck to a standard formula (obviously popular with Americans) of meet problem, worry about problem, kill a few security officers, then solve problem by blowing something up. Oh, and Kirk gets a woman in there somewhere. But the current and arguably greater popularity of TNG cannot be so easily explained. Sure, there is the occasional battle, but politically correct TNG is far more into the cerebral solutions — scientific breakthroughs, diplomatic negotiations, helping the misunderstood space jellyfish so it won't blow up the colony. Some of the most popular episodes involve no action at all, just a slightly out of the ordinary angle on a socially relevant issue such as homosexuality or religion and its place in the world of science. The same can be said for the slightly less popular Deep Space 9 series. Such philosophical and moral issues could be found in OS as well, but back then they were preached, rather than discussed. Of course, we live in an age of political correctness which makes the late sixties look like a bunch of rednecks on crack.

Once again we return to the question, why do people watch this show? Ask Trekkers this and you can get some really weird answers. Have you read any of the stuff on the Internet lately? Look at some of the more rational answers and you get the predictable — good characters, plotlines, great special effects and the constant attraction of 'boldly going...' — you get the picture! Of course, the most common and most likely answer is escapism. Isn't that what's behind the whole television boom? And Star Trek holds an advantage over shows such as Baywatch and Beverly Hills in the realm of escapism. Not only can you enter another person's life, you can enter another universe. But perhaps the most interesting answer is that the power of Star Trek lies in its optimism. In this age full of fears of environmental disaster and Terminator-like apocalypses just around the corner, a future in which we're all alive, well and intellectually evolved certainly holds a lot of appeal.



Trekkies Talk (1)

Do you consider yourself to be a trekkie?
Stephen Lyon: Hmm. Not an absolute trekkie, no. But I do have a life size cardboard cutout of Commander Data in my dining room.
What is it about Star Trek that attracts such a huge cult following?

The ideals that it portrays and the wonderful relationships that crew members have with each other. And Dianna Troy. *Is she your favourite character?*
Without a doubt.
Why is that?
She's tall, she has dark hair, brown eyes, silky thighs, huge... tracts of land, a dazzling intellect and she's tuned into the universal consciousness.

Is there some sort of sex appeal that surrounds Star Trek?
Yes, yes, totally. It's comparable to Models Inc. in this respect.
I'm sure many trekkies would disagree with you there.
Yes, I know. But in the way the characters relate to each other, it's quite similar. Sex is often implied.

Trekkies Talk (2)

When *Warani* was approached by two people claiming special insider information about the crew of the Enterprise, we thought "Great, a chance to get a scoop." Kirsty Farrell suspects this is all a hoax, but listens anyway to some strange stuff.

Victor, I understand that you were a member of the original Star Trek Enterprise crew. Yes I was. And it was the most fulfilling and wonderful experience of my entire life. You are apparently unaware that I am still a member of the crew. In fact I am on duty as we speak.

Wow. What are your duties?
My duties are multifarious. You know that a woman's work is never done? The work of a psychotherapist is exactly the same. *You're a psychotherapist aboard the Starship Enterprise?*

I'm the psychotherapist aboard the Starship Enterprise. But I'm known among my peers as the psychotherapist to the stars. *Who are your peers? Are they all the characters we know and love on Star Trek?*

No, they are the Corps. You know, the Imperial Corps of Psychotherapists, who keep the galaxy together?

No, I must plead ignorance.
Well, the moment God died, there was a rush to fill the vacuum. And, I must admit, opportunists as we are, we stepped in, but we've done a better job.

Could you give me a bit of a policy statement of your 'better job than God'?

Well, you've got a mother, and you can probably instinctively feel how it must feel to be a mother. Well, this is how every psychotherapist feels towards every living being in the universe. 'Heaven in a grain of sand' is our motto.



That's very Zen.
We are very influenced by Zen; we derive our doctrines from all religions. *How do you see yourself in the whole "trekkie" scheme of things? You seem to live the whole experience, it seems much more than a television show to you.*

Well, it's life to me. I could understand people who would like to think of it as a television show, but often there are people who are influenced by Klingons, and the one thing Klingons hate most is the free imagination. They are unamenable to psychotherapy. They are the kind of people who want to be on the Starship Enterprise — they are disgruntled employees. *Are the people in Star Trek real people to you or are we talking a Santa Claus-type phenomenon here?*

I think we're getting to some important issues here. There is a state that you and I are in now that we can doubt whether something is true, we can doubt that the bridge of the Enterprise is actually in existence. If you change your state, just like having sex, and just as enjoyable as sex, I assure you, so that you are no longer asking questions about whether something is true or not, then it is absolutely real. You

have all the physical, intellectual and emotional responses that you have ordinarily. *Has this got something to do with why you are wearing an aerobic around your neck?*
This means I am on standby. [Victor explains that this could mean being beamed back aboard the ship at a moment's notice: "They won't even ask my permission; I will just disappear right before your very eyes."]

I'd like to see that. What's this little black TV remote-type thing?

That's my new book. I'm writing a new book, called "Star Trek Enterprise — the Truth". It's an electronic book, not your old fashioned kind. You'll probably be able to read it soon on a Macintosh near you. It will be online on the Internet, under alt.trekkie.

Thankyou Victor.
Thankyou.

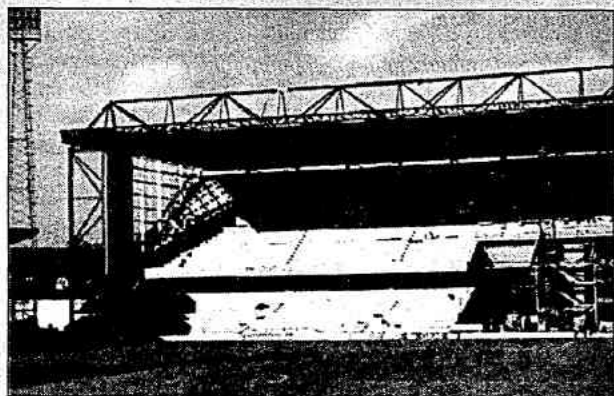
"Scotty", what's your role on the Enterprise?
I'm the Officer of the Truth. I'm responsible for keeping unreality at bay. In all television series, like Star Trek, there's a tendency for people to actually believe in it. This can be a serious clinical problem where even the psychoanalyst gets sucked in and thinks he really is a psychoanalyst. My job is to make sure that people who are sucked in can continue in their fantasy without suffering serious damage.

So it is a fantasy to you.
Depends what you mean by fantasy. The truth is that the Star Trek series is just a spin off of Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. Which was all completely true. My job is very simple. I just have to know the truth.

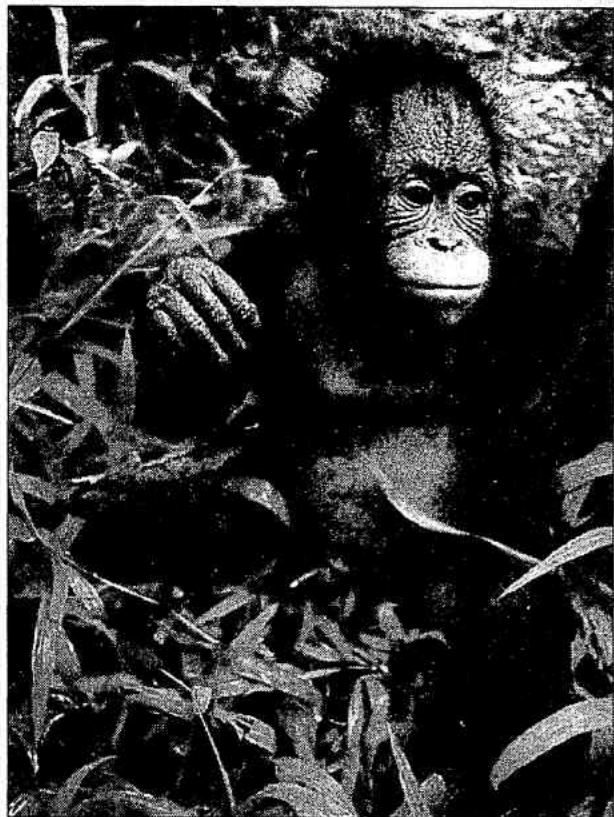
What's the truth for you?
All truths are indivisible.
Do you have any hobbies?
I like masturbation... photography...

smell *my* finger

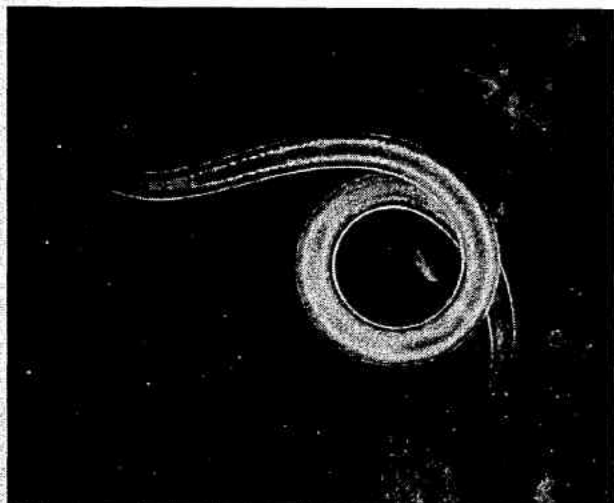
Finger Contents



Sports Union releases plans for new "admin" building 18



UCan announces winner of University Medal 24



Amoeba judged "overqualified" for Canberra Institute of Technology 98

SPELL CHECKING FOR FUN AND PROFIT

In front of the mac, midnight rolls by and the caffeine assist starts to become a big factor. Aren't assignments a bitch boys and girls? Too bloody right they are, and unless you're some weird loony who just ate what your SREM buddy was growing on the window sill, they have the potential to be a tad boring. So what can you do? Well here's a hint: *really* funny people fuck around with their spellcheck.

Sound cool? You bet.

What I mean is this: you know spellcheck? That pleasant aid that checks all the words in your essay on The Phonetics of Silent Film, tells you 5 billion times that Chaplin is not a real word and yet saves you from getting screwed for terminally bade spelun?

Type in ANU, spellcheck it, and peruse the option presented by your friendly PC. One such option is ANC (African National Congress for the non-pol sci bods). So punters, why? What's the link? Well, like members of the ANC, ANU students get beat up by the police (unofficially) at demos, have a rather amorphous commie element and some even believe they have a controlling influence in politics. But really, who said computers weren't intelligent?

Which brings up another interesting alternative to ANU... ANUS. Do I smell a bit of sphincter kicking directed at my beloved university here? Stick a keyboard up ya — personally I reckon it's a subversive message about why retention rates in lectures fall during the year. Sex puts bums on seats, and your average student doesn't see enough of it. Ask yourself, why do so many people enrol in Biology?

GSF also comes up trumps in this puerile little exercise. What do you get from it? A big fat nothing — odd isn't it? Apparently the money goes to a wide range of things, but aside from the quality journalism exhib-

ited in this rag, I have yet to see what. Watch out for the investigative journalists you people in the Chancery. Ex SAS audit specialists are already being formed into a swat team by our SA president for the occupation to end all occupations.

As by now you should have got the hang off it let's come a little closer to home. *Woroni*. It generates "worn" — a little trivial perhaps but it does raise the socially imperative question of what to do with the damn thing after you've read it. Read it twice. Then if you want to make a statement decorate your room with the front covers or as the computer suggests use it for cheap (summer) clothing. I even heard of a bloke who sent four copies back to his family (?), personally I use it as toilet paper because it is stronger and more adhesive than Sorbent.

So punters, when languishing in computer hell resort to the intelligent social commentary of your friendly spellcheck function, you can get alot of mileage out of it. As a final test I typed in FUCK (cool-idea huh?) and got FUQUA. Now I can hear you scrabble buffs having orgasms out there at the thought of this exciting new word (it has a F and a Q), but can anyone tell me what the FUQUA it means?

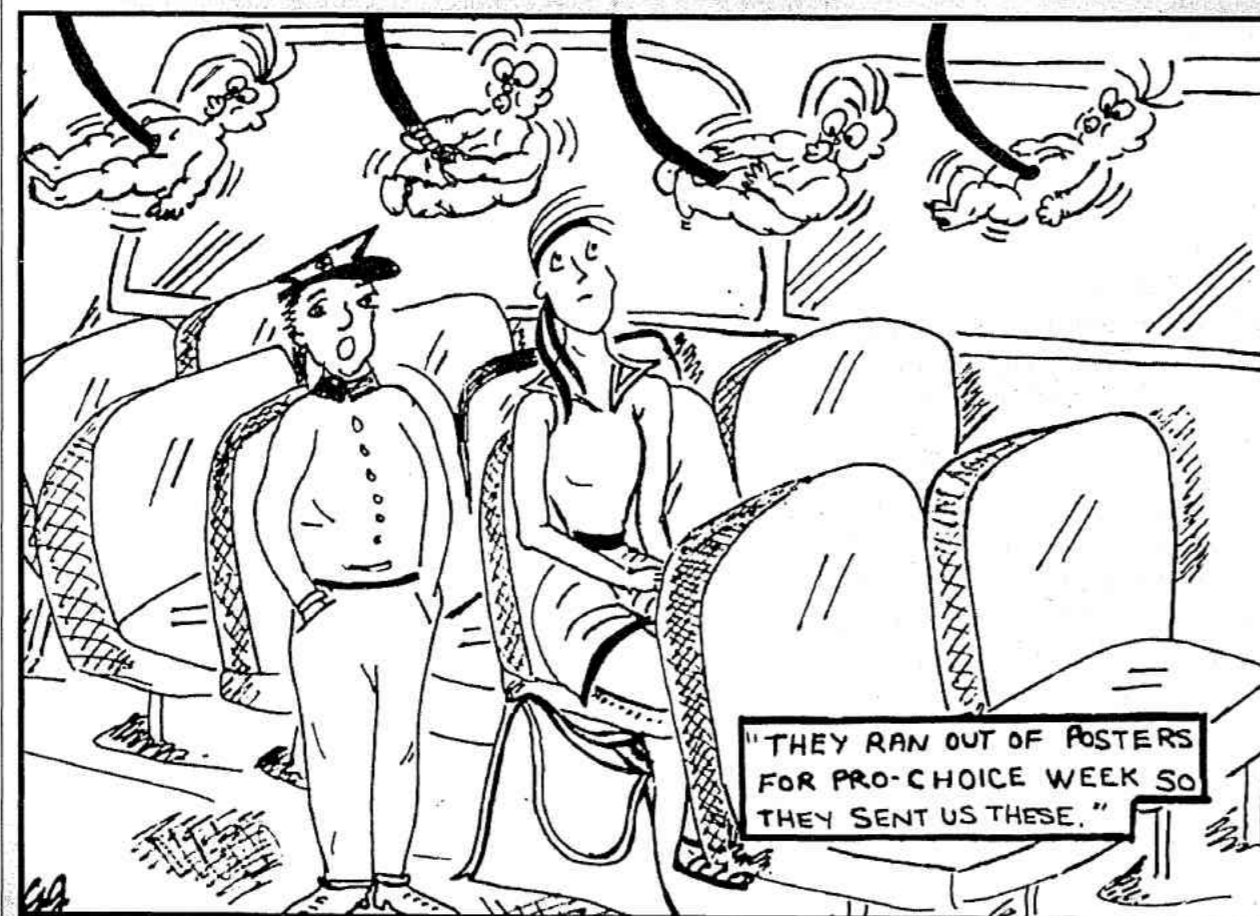
Letters

Dear *Woroni*,

I recently had the good fortune to see your publication for the first time. I found the colours on the back page very attractive, but I'm not sure what the message in the cartoon really was.

Yours sincerely,

Ros Kelly





the voice of reason

with Brigadier-Colonel Spanky McIntyre

Dear Spanky,

As I am a member of the ACT Green Party, I am both morally and politically concerned about the impending duck-shooting season. When will the general public realise that guns and natural fauna just don't mix? I plan to run open-learning workshops for gun owners to learn what an asset our natural environment really is.

You impractical, marijuana-sniffing lefty swill think that natural fauna and guns don't mix? Well, have you ever stared down the barrel of a shotgun at a wild boar? You'd learn quick-smart that guns mix with anything that weighs 400 kilograms, has two fearsome tusks, and is headed straight for your love spuds. And don't tell me there's a difference between a duck and a wild pig — ever been headbutted by a duck? You have to take them out back and blow the mother away.

Dear Spanky,

I am a young and upwardly mobile merchant banker who has just joined up to the Army Reserve. I did many camping trips as a child with my father, so I figure that the Army should not be very different. I am eager to do something outdoors, with the added bonus of meeting like-minded people and learning how to cook damper. However, I am worried that my business opportunities might suffer in my absence. Do you think it would be possible to take my briefcase and cellular phone with me on such expeditions?

Camping, cooking damper, and meeting like-minded people? Is this the Army of today — a club for the likes of you? And what of patriotism? And of honour? No, far too conservative for all you layabout guppies, or whatever you call yourselves these days. In my day you'd have been the first to surrender and spend the rest of the war doing origami while us real soldiers were out fighting and dying to save your oily hide. I didn't get my Veterans' Pension by playing with a cellular phone. I went out, met like-minded people, and killed them with my bare hands, despite the risk of capture and subsequent skull-fucking by the enemy.

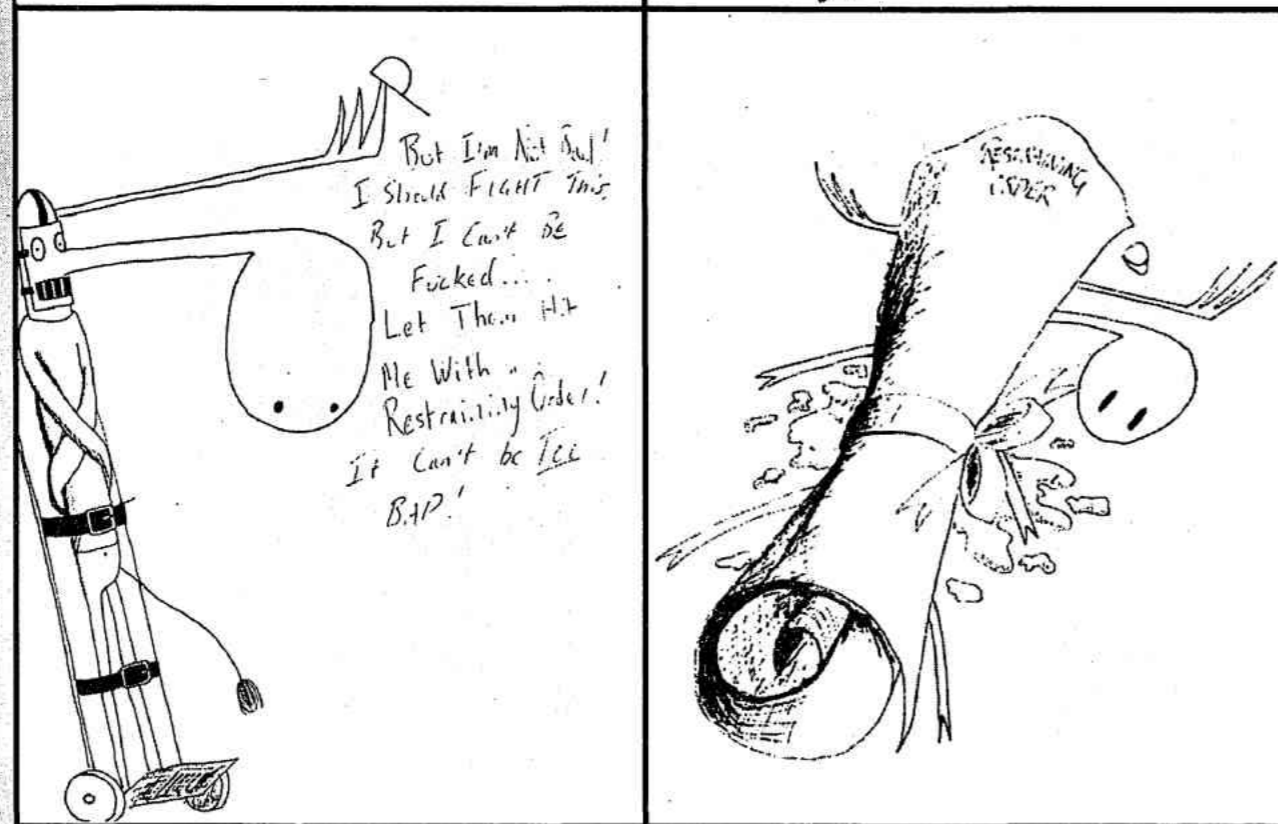
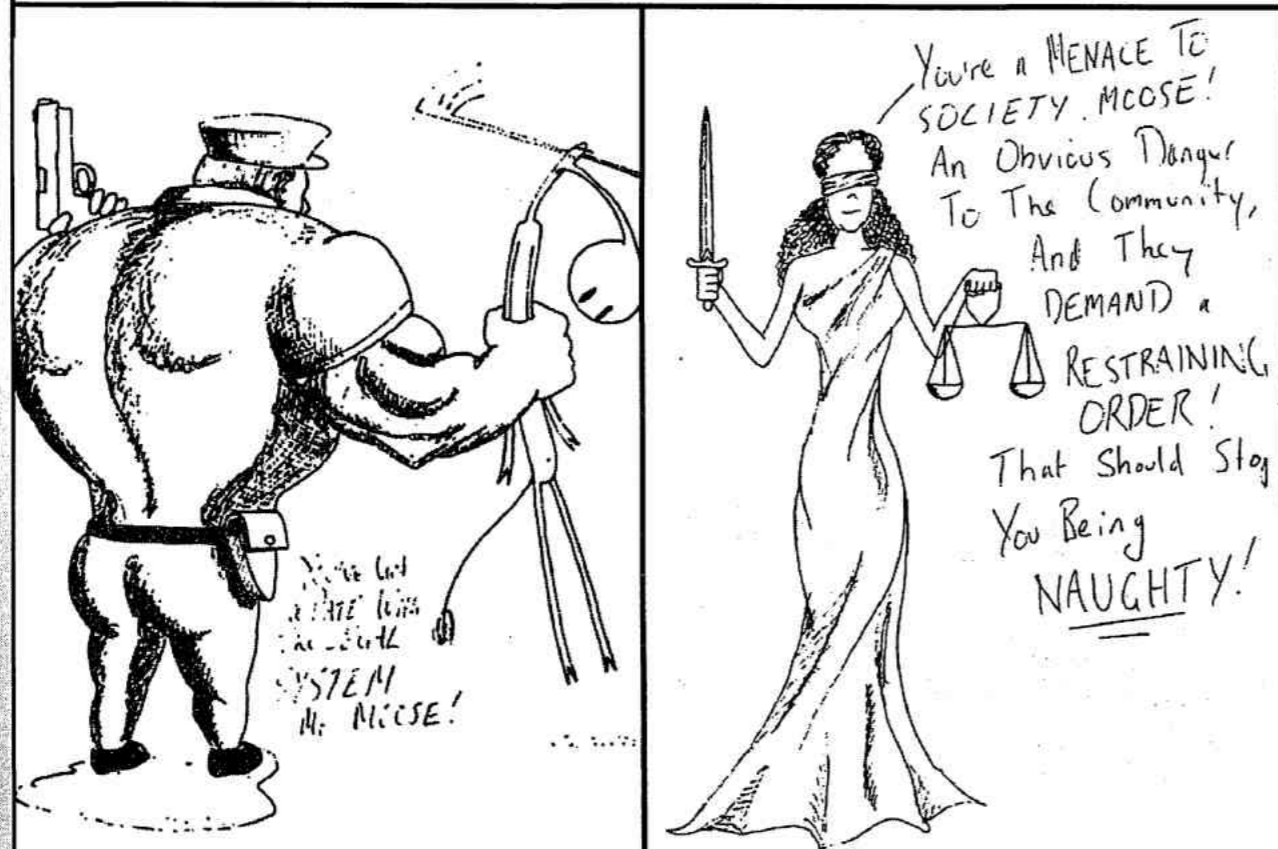
Dear Spanky,

I would like to thank the rock band Pearl Jam for playing recently in Canberra. My teenage children were very excited to attend a concert by some of the idols of 'Generation X'. It is great that young adults have the chance to enjoy some good clean fun, just like I used to do in the 1960s.

What in blazes are you going on about? None of this makes any sense to any man in trousers.

The Adventures of Irving the Moose

Irving's Date with the Legal System

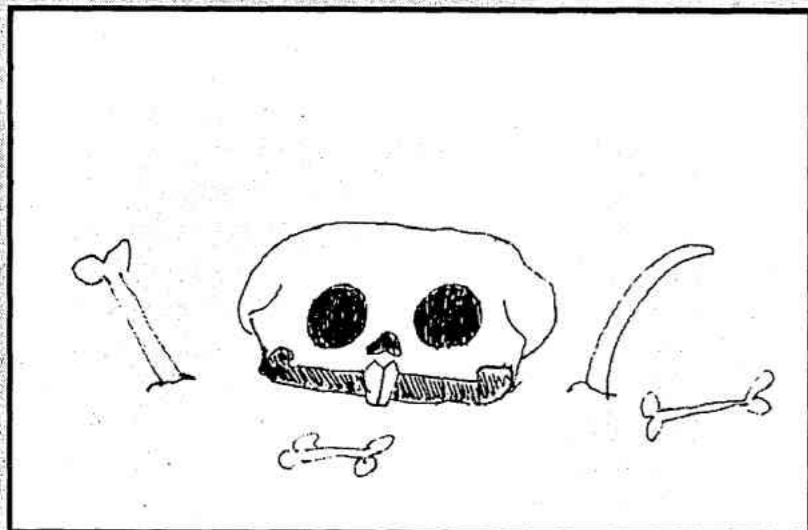
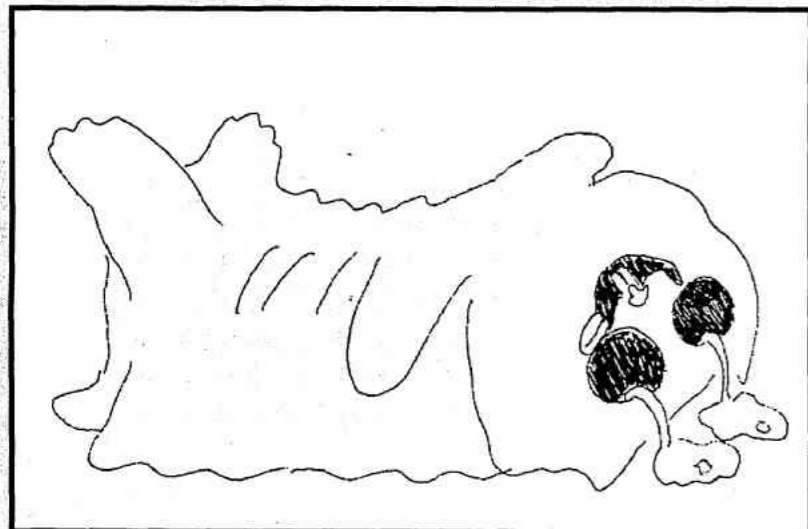
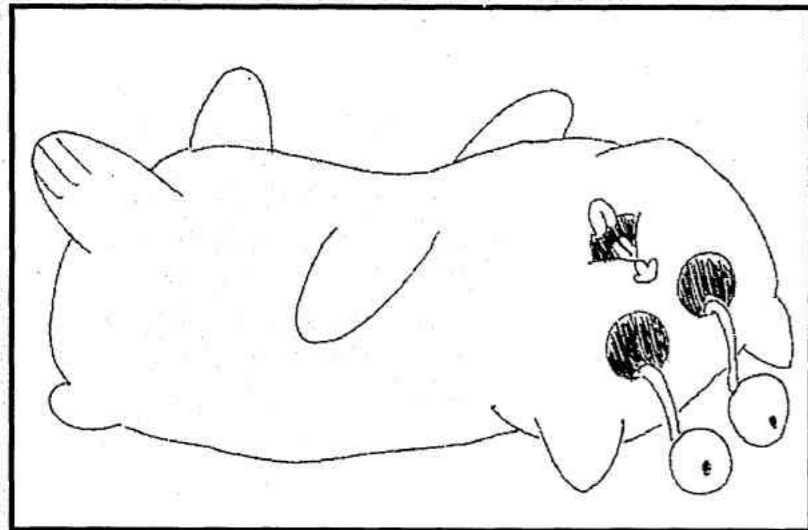


Joke Me Off with Stroogs

- What do you call Bob Hawke's testicles? Blanched Hazelnuts.
- Where do you find a dog with no legs? Where you left it.
- What do you call a paddock full of bulls masturbating? Beef Sprogonoff.
- What's the difference between a pig and a sow? One of them has testicles.

Snuffy the Hamster

in
Snuffy's Busy Year



The world's greatest pick up lines

There are so many great pick up lines floating around, but there's a real art in using the right one in the right place and at the right time. Finger presents a selection of pick up lines guaranteed to get you... nowhere.

Matter-of-fact

Are you ready to leave?

Straightforward

Would you like to dance? How about a fuck then?

Rich

Was that your Porsche out the front I just bumped with my BMW?

Frugal

I'm a bit broke at the moment. Do you want to share a taxi?

Sincere

Your parents were thieves. They stole the stars from the sky and put them in your eyes.

Plain rude

Would you like a fuck? Would you mind lying down while I have one?

Lame

Are you a model? I am.

Desperate

It's been so long since I picked up anyone...

Certain failure

You look a lot like a dog I used to root.

Send us in your favourite pick up lines to win your choice of a number of old books lying around the office.

Perry Snodgrass

"Somehow, food poisoning made talking about it easier..."

The real problem of the recent Garibaldi salami fracas was not that salmonella poisoning was rampant, or that a young girl died, it was that they just didn't have a decent commercial campaign. As with many products, it was an inability to accentuate the positive aspects of a product which in all likelihood would kill you that spelt doom for the company. Now what Garibaldi needed was some sleepy town Nescafe-style commercials to introduce the world to wonders of processed meat products.

Jenny: "Dad, do you want a salami sandwich?"
Dad: "Ah, yeah. Thanks."

Voiceover: It took a slice of processed meat for the conversation to flow...

Jenny: "Dad, you know I love it here but..."

Dad: "Here, I sent away for these". Dad hands Jenny an envelope marked Conservatorium of Music.

Jenny: "Oh Dad, finally my life long dream of being a concert cellist can be fulfilled."

Dad: "I only wish I could live long enough to see it all come true. Unfortunately, I think this salmonella-tainted sausage will kill me."

Jenny: "Oh Dad, no!!!!!"
Jenny watches her father fall to

the floor in a crumpled heap of limbs, spit and salami.

Jenny: "I... I killed him with this sausage sandwich of love. How can I live without you, oh my father?"

Jenny produces a vial of pureed Garibaldi from her pocket, looks briefly skyward and drinks the liquid. She screams and collapses on the body of her deceased father. Zoom into picture of Garibaldi salami.

Voiceover: "Garibaldi: bringing people together."

WEEKLY PROGRESS CHART: GROWTH RATE MEASURED BY DISCARDED CONDOMS

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
WU NATUREL	DRANK ALCOHOL	DRANK CAFFEINE	ATE SWEETS	TOOK STEROIDS

Striking for student rights National Day of Action

This Thursday students on campuses around the country will be striking and rallying against student fees. On the day we will be sending a clear message to the Federal government — that we are *actively* opposed to the rise of student fees.

Already we pay for our education — through income tax and HECS. The Federal Government is already taking it a step further towards up-front post-graduate fees. In 1994, 25.5% of all post-grad. courses were fee paying. The average fee? \$7,160!

The rise of student fees is happening fast and with the full support of the government. There was a 36% increase in postgrad fees between 1993 and 1994. ANU already charges for 54 postgrad courses — making \$578,000 a year. These fees are part of a continuing government push away from publicly funded higher education toward a user-pays system.

In the May Federal Budget the government wants to cut back public spending by around \$2 billion dollars. This makes the danger of increased student fees more immediate. Options being seriously considered by the government include: increased HECS, postgrad fees, "grant-clawback" (spending cuts) and worse — giving universities the power to charge fees for some undergraduate courses.

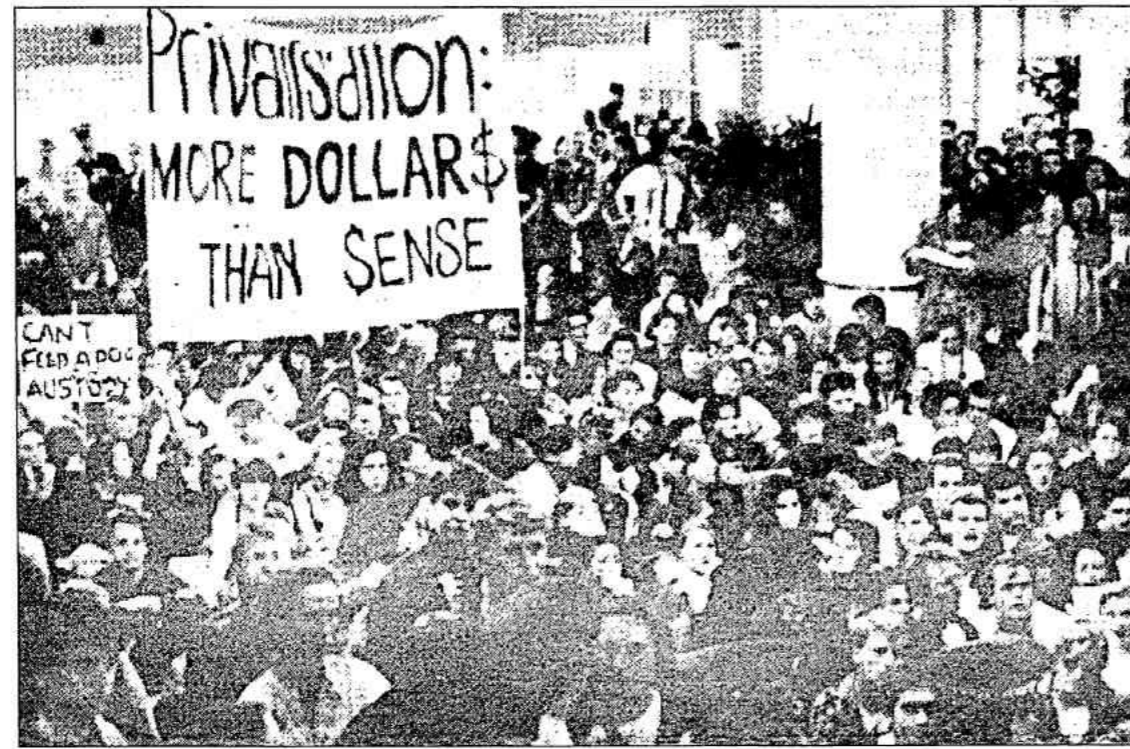
To defend education as a right open to all we need to defeat student fees. Fees exclude those on low incomes who can't pay — and that's most of us. They discriminate against women, who earn on average 73% of male wages.

More government funding not fees

The alternative to these attacks on equal education is for the government to increase education funding — through a progressive system which taxes those who can afford to pay. This would solve many problems — including overcrowded tutorials, the lack of library books, and the lack of or expense of student housing. At the same time as we organise against fees we are calling for more funding and a better deal.

Instead of hitting already low income students with fees, the government should be trying to solve the real problem of student poverty. While Austudy remains severely limited and low, we have every right to demand a livable income for all.

When we strike against fees we are standing up for our rights as students. Last year at the ANU we saw what could be won through united student action. The Administration were made to back down from plans to extend up-front fees to all post-



Students rally against the introduction of up front postgraduate fees.

graduate courses.

Now we can take our demands to the Federal Government — for more funding not student fees. The national campaign is being built by student unions and activists across the country. It has been endorsed by the National Union of Students, who have called for a national student strike, after noon on the day. Lecturers in the National Tertiary Education Union

have voted to support the students by cancelling classes. This kind of united action gives us the strength needed to win.

On the day of action, Thursday March 23, stand up for student rights by walking out of class and joining the rally in Union Court. See you there.

Hamish McPherson

(The statistics in this article are from "Report of the Committee to Review Fee-paying Arrangements for Post-graduate Courses" — Ministry of Employment Education and Training and the National Union of Students broadsheet.)

Reading bricks and illegal course fees

Universities are already charging undergraduate fees in the form of charges for necessary course reading materials. At the beginning of each semester we have to queue to pay again for our education. These fees are paying for things HECS is supposed to cover. They are also in breach of the conditions of the Higher Education Funding Act (HEFA).

Some of the illegal course fees at ANU include

- A \$100 "fixed non-refundable" fee for Chemistry A11.
- Reading bricks charges for every course — average fee of \$25. By the time you buy four, that's \$100.
- Field trip costs for Botany, Zoology and Forestry — average cost is \$80. Highest charging include forestry trips

to Queensland (\$195) and Shelly (\$323). Such high costs would exclude many students doing the course from participating.

• The very high cost of art materials for students at the School of Art.

And there's the extra \$850 on top of the \$5000 Legal Workshop fee.

The Students Association is opposed to these fees which make studying more difficult for all of us. Students at Flinders University built a campaign against them and have been successful in having them withdrawn. Here too, we can organise against creeping fees by putting pressure on the Administration. If you see a "No illegal course fees" petition, sign it and take a leaflet.

Hamish McPherson

Students occupy to save environment course

Students at Charles Sturt University in Bathurst are organising against a decision by their Administration to shut a popular course in Environmental Science. The course had a clear focus toward environmental conservation.

So far students have held two sit-ins and have lobbied the university planning committee. They have gained encouragement and support from other students, staff and the community. These course cuts are clearly the result of the lack of government funding.

The student union is also organising action for the National Day of Action. This kind of action is the way to save courses which challenge the continued rip-off of the environment through wood-chipping and industrial pollution.

Student blockade to save environment reserve

Construction has begun on the eight lane M2 freeway, which runs through Macquarie Uni in Sydney. The freeway has flattened large parts of an ecology reserve — a valuable resource used by biology and other students at the uni. The destruction has been made possible by the Uni bureaucracy who thoughtfully sold the reserve to the roads authority for profit. The chair of the student council, Leah Gibbs, has written, "decisions like the sale, and therefore destruction of invaluable University land, which affects students and their education are regularly being made by University bureaucracy, with absolutely no consultation with the student body or wider community".

New Sexuality Officers elected



New sexuality officers Paul Wagner, Seamas Hyslop, Catherine Mellors and Mandy Nuttall demonstrate new safe hugging technique.

The ANU Sexuality Department elected its Sexuality Officers for 1995. Mandy Nuttall and Catherine Mellors were elected as female Sexuality Officers, and Seamas Hyslop and Paul Wagner as male Sexuality Officers.

The Sexuality Department is planning its first campaign for the year, due out after the mid-term holidays. Keep a look out for it!

If you would like to contact any or

all of the Sexuality Officers, they are available in the Students' Association Office on Mondays 12pm-4pm during term. Drop in and have a chat or call them on 249 2444.

The next meeting for the ANU SA Sexuality Department will be on Monday March 27 at 1pm in the Sexuality Department Office in the Students' Association. Come along and give your ideas!

Those fighting to stop the freeway have not given up. They have set up a blockade which from last reports is growing — in numbers and support. A community "No Freeway" fair which attracted over 300 was also organised.

National Day of Action
Thursday March 23
Strike from 12:00 noon.
Rally at 12:30pm
Union Court



Machois is a femmo issue

Recently, but only recently, there have been various calls for 'masculinity' to come under review. These calls are heard amongst more screaming issues such as the high rate of teenage male suicide, the higher male dropout rate at high school/colleges and the pervasiveness of violence in male social interaction. These are major problems but unfortunately (damn hummer I say) they are usually addressed as part of the backlash against feminism and the work that has been done for and by women. But hey, der Fred, feminism and issues that face men need not be mutually exclusive. Indeed, problems with the current understanding of masculinity are of vital importance to the feminist agenda.

Women and men alike get jacked off with the way men feel that they need to play the hero and express their emotions aggressively (or not at all). Men don't have such a jolly time getting beaten up in pubs by the more vigorous exponents of male machois. Many men would like to be able to take paid paternity leave, and take responsibility for childrearing. Men also suffer from the rigid construction of gender in our society.

But how realistic is it to envisage a reconceptualisation of masculinity? Aren't men just 'like that'? I mean, boys will be boys and hey, all men are bastards, aren't they? These are

leading questions that allow me to say: No, No, No! Men are not that incapable. To assume that they are is to discredit half the people that surround us and, for feminists seeking social change, serves the same purpose as pissing in the wind. "Masculinity" is just as constructed and artificial as "femininity", which in the past few decades has undergone a massive re-appraisal. There has been a huge positive reevaluation of what it means to be a woman. It would be a darn good thing for all if the same happened to men.

Getting a grip on your roots

Ah, those days on the barricades. I think there was a note of nostalgia in Eva Cox's voice recently as she harked back to the days when feminism meant overt, outright, clearly defined struggles against blatant and obvious sexism. She was speaking on International Women's Day, a day which has traditionally been marked by militancy and more recently by celebration.

Eva is one of the genuine dissidents, a powerful writer and activist for over twenty years who has kept up an unrelenting quest for reform in areas of education, health, superannuation, family law, welfare, media and taxation in the interests of women. She forms part of the Seventies "Second Wave" of feminists, among them Germaine Greer,

Jocelyne Scutt, and Anne Summers, who transformed the status of women in this country. Being exposed to her rhetoric is itself a powerful transformative experience.

How quickly we forget. En-sconced neatly under the dubious protection of anti-discrimination laws, women in the Nineties may feel it is time for "those feminists" to just quietly pack up, shave their legs, and wander off.

But listening to Eva I am rudely reminded that much of the woman-

friendly reform we take for granted is shockingly recent. It was only the mid-Sixties that the Public Service had an inflexible policy of firing women employees who got married. It was only the 1974 National Wage Case that decided men and women workers should get the same minimum wage. It is only since 1984 that discrimination on the grounds of sex has been a Federal offence. It was only my mother who was told "Girls don't do medicine", it was only last year a major party ensured a modicum of rep-

resentation of women in Parliament, and it was only last week my friend was grilled about her contraceptive methods in a job interview.

The "bad old days" are not that old, and the new days not that good. Ever since Adam nicked off with Eve's apple men have controlled and shaped courts, Parliament, universities, industries and government. (Just watch tonight's news, and count the women.) Feminism has made inroads into the most blatant and obvious forms of oppression of women. However, these changes are recent, reversible, and depend on the continuing goodwill of politicians and senior bureaucrats. It is still too easy for a faceless public servant to cut or discontinue funding for essential services like rape crisis centres, domestic violence shelters and childcare facilities. It is still too difficult for a woman to tell a prospective employer "No, it is not OK to ask me whether I'm on the Pill, or to tell me to wear makeup, or to ask me whether I have a boyfriend."

Thanks to the struggles of Eva's generation things are "better now" for women. But "better" is a relative concept. As the Hon. Justice Sally Brown recently said, "Is the scale good, better, best, or is it something more like terrible, bad, less bad, almost good?"



weird science

Infectious nasties



A contributor writes: *How dangerous are viruses and diseases to the human race? For instance, could a virus like the Ebola virus or AIDS make us extinct?*

I'm not going to try to answer this, mainly because there aren't any certain answers, but I will give some background and some thoughts on the subject.

The Ebola Virus is a virus which has come from the jungles in Africa. It infects its victim, a few hours later it gets into the brain and sends the person mad. About a day later they die, and over the next few days all the victim's cell walls break down, and they turn into a pile of goo. Not a good look. The virus is extremely infectious also, and although the virus hasn't gone to the outside world yet, lesser versions of it have been known to kill large chunks of villages. We all know about the AIDS virus — 100% certainty of death once infected, long incubation period, but not very infectious.

The long incubation period of AIDS is an important factor. It gives the virus more time to transmit itself to other hosts without their knowledge. It also makes the virus hard to isolate. If something like the Ebola virus hit somewhere in Australia, the area would be sectioned off for a few weeks, confusion would reign, most people in the area would die. It

would be a terrible tragedy, but people will think there was nothing else the government could have done, and they would probably be very grateful. But if the government tried to do something similar with AIDS — isolating people, making them infertile, killing them, etc — they would very quickly cease to be the government.

I won't worry about the morality of these things — it doesn't really matter — the simple fact is that society won't accept that we can treat these people like sheep to control the disease. This probably doesn't matter with AIDS, because it isn't a very contagious disease, but what would happen if there was another disease like AIDS, except that it was very contagious? Could we or would we isolate it? As humans we are at a disadvantage because we cannot evolve quickly enough to cope with a quick change in circumstances. A disease might go right through the human race in just a few generations. This is one theory of how the dinosaurs died out.

Of course, the most popular theory of how dinosaurs died out was that they were hit by a giant meteorite, so if all this has got you depressed, just remember, a giant rock could come down and kill us all at any moment. So enjoy your day. It could be your last.

James Hoadley

sweat

Gownies break drought to cop crowning from Kate



In addition to a fair share of righteously indignant undergraduates, it would appear that the ANU has also produced some classy cricketers. Despite the doubts of some, (oh, OK, me) it seems that there are academics that are neither crusty nor unathletic, and who can cricket the pants off any townie who dares set foot on South Oval. The Gownies thrashed the Town in both matches to take the Chief Minister's Trophy (from the newly-crowned Kate Carnell) for the first time since 1990.

Moreover, in spite of my initial misgivings about separate men's and women's teams, it's now obvious that playing in mixed teams would only have dragged the women down. They were on fire! Captain Stephanie Martin scored 17 runs and took three wickets, to be named Player of the Match. She added to her side's total of 87 runs to edge out Town on 85. The men in gowns throttled the incumbent champions 261 to 255 all out, and Steve Smith took Player of the Match. Did I mention the sunlight, the elegant marquees, the food and the charming company? No? Well, too bad, you missed it. Your next opportunity will be this time next year at the 50th Anniversary Town v Gown Cricket Match. Watch this space.

Rugby rugby, grunt grunt grunt

The ANU Rugby Club has been very busy, organising the Toohey's-sponsored Branches Cup Sevens Competition in O-Week while most of you lazy sods were trying to decide which piss-up to attend. Twelve teams were reduced to a Royals/ANU Grand Final, and as if I even have to say this, ANU romped it in, twenty points to five. The leading scorers were Beeper Hanman and John Cattle, both representing ANU. This was excellent preparation for the upcoming Kiama Sevens, a prestigious international, and as long as they don't lose too many of their players to rep sides, they should make a very good showing.

Apart from that level of competition, the Club says it runs all sorts of rugby activities, including masters and a newly-formed women's team, who had some excellent successes in 1994 and, according to the ANURC spokesman, are a force to be reckoned with "both on and off the field." The club also have two coaching positions vacant, and strong leadership could make the difference for the ANU, so if you have the time and inclination, you should get in touch with Tim Scanlan on 2821236.

Meanwhile, back at the Sports Union

Two popular social sports comps are getting under way this week. It's too late to enter but you can certainly spectate at lunchtime Intramurals in indoor soccer, netball, touch, volleyball, and men's basketball. (Women's next term, I'm told). Intramurals are sponsored by the Co-op Bookshop, which provides the trophy.

If you live in rezzies, you can also take part in Interhall Sports which kick off this term and go all year in a cumulative Shield Match. See your interhall rep for more details or the Sports Union for times and venues.

Mmmm... beeeeeerrrrrr

The Champion Athletic Wear Menage a Trois 3 on 3 Basketball Comp bounces off at the Sports Union on Saturday March 25 at 10 am and will go until about 3pm. There are cash prizes and caps and t-shirts, and a beer and a barbecue afterward. You can enter a team for a small fee at the Sports Union Gym on March 21 from 2 until 5, or you can turn up on the day to spectate (and eat and drink afterward.) Contact Ed Smith (ANU Basketball Prez) on 2514819.

get over it sweetie

Homophobia hi-jinks in the sunshine state

The Queensland AIDS Council (QuAC) has been at the centre of a political furore concerning the recent proposed release of the "Bubble Boy" safe sex series for homosexual men. The swap cards, which depicted homoerotic pictures coupled with a safe sex message, were aimed at encouraging the use of safe sex in men who have sex with men (gay males and otherwise).

The cards were designed to provide a message that gay men and men who have sex with men could identify, improving the exposure to the target audience in a way that the general safe sex campaigns cannot. Since many gay men do not easily identify with the safe sex campaigns aimed at the general audience, which generally means "the heterosexual audience", QuAC felt that there was a need for a

campaign targeting gay men directly which would be more effective.

However, members of the Queensland Legislative Assembly and the Queensland Council of Churches have taken offence at the swap card series, taking out an injunction against the release of the cards. The cards currently remain under lock and key, despite efforts by QuAC to lift the injunction. It appears that the cards will be the subject of a legal battle for many months now.

Members of the Queensland Council of Churches and of the Queensland Legislative Assembly have labelled the card series as "promoting homosexuality" and "suggesting that homosexuality is a normative practice, where in our society it is very much an anti-normative practice". Some members have expressed

fears that the cards may become coveted items for young boys, among whom basketball swap cards are very popular.

The argument that these swap cards are promoting homosexuality makes a number of assumptions:

1. That homosexuality is socialised and a free choice, i.e. that young children seeing the cards will be encouraged to adopt a homosexual lifestyle. This is a preposterous suggestion; most evidence shows that this is incorrect.

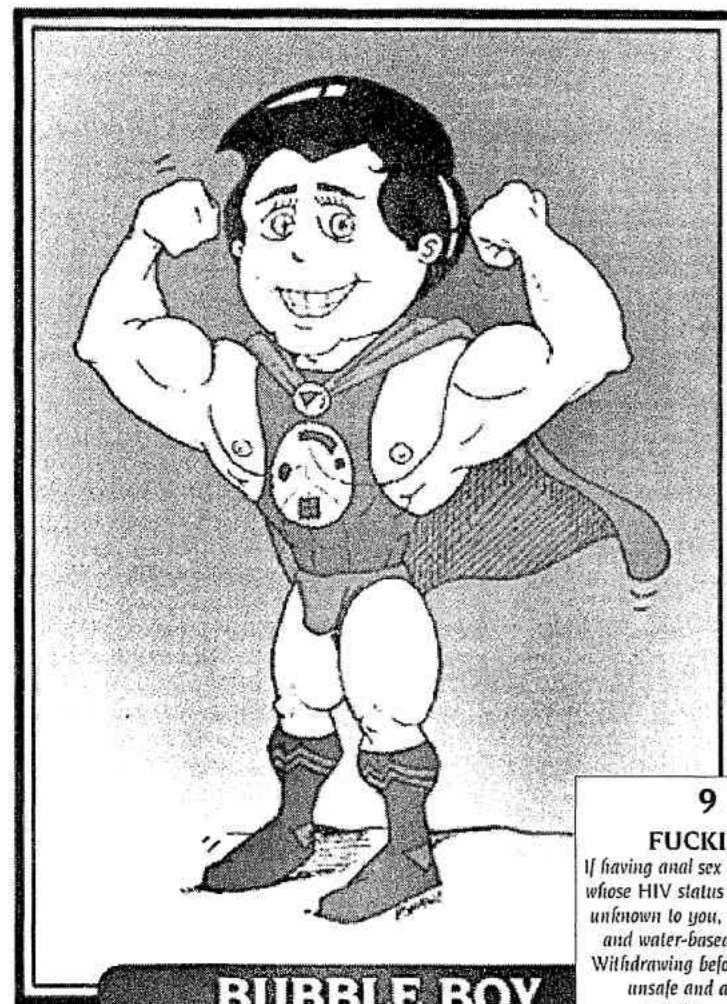
2. That young children will have free access to the card series.

3. That young children will be interested in the cards. This suggestion is also ridiculous; most young children will be largely uninterested in the cards. Could you imagine fifteen year old boys that collect swap cards of their basketball idols suddenly wanting to swap cards with homosexual men on them? There would be only one reason that young children would be interested in the card series, and that would be if they were gay themselves. If that was the case, getting the safe sex message to people early in life would definitely be a positive move.

Is the banning of these cards a genuine form of censorship, or is the injunction merely a case of homophobia? Popular magazines available to the general public regularly portray heterosexual couples in provocative positions of a sexual nature (with no safe sex message!). In a time when most people believe that discrimination on the basis of sexuality is not acceptable, why is this censorship allowed to occur?

One of the issues that appears to be forgotten in the furore is that these cards *save lives*. Getting the safe sex message across to people is incredibly important in this day and age, with sexually transmitted diseases such as chlamydia, gonorrhoea, and of course, HIV/AIDS. The huge benefits of saving lives should be above moral judgements.

Get over it, sweetie!
Scumas Hyslop
Mandy Nuttall
Paul Wagner
Catherine Mellors
ANU Sexuality Officers



9
FUCKING
 If having anal sex with someone whose HIV status is opposite or unknown to you, use condoms and water-based lubricant. Withdrawing before coming is unsafe and a risk for BOTH partners.
 Note
 HIV positive people tend to consider the possible risk of infection with other STDs, opportunistic illnesses or re-infection with stronger strains of HIV.

Bubble trouble: Banned in Queensland pending the results of legal action, Bubble Boy swap cards (above) have provoked angry responses from Parliamentarians and church groups. **Top:** Each card carries an explicit safe sex message.

beneath the fringe

Reflections on all things Pearl Jam



How can Canberra claim to be a cultural centre of this nation of ours when it can't even sell out a single Pearl Jam concert? They sold out in Sydney in the first ten minutes, but in good old Canberra all the fucking public servants have to wait till pay week. I, however, did my duty by the culture of this city and attended.

The support band sucked so we just stood up the back with all those drug-fucked ex-hippies. They drone on without pausing for breath about how "Stadium rock has been dead since Floyd toured back in 88 and did you see that one man? Best fucking show ever — lasers, lights, flying pigs and lots of mull. The best." Eventually we began to move forward.

As you move forward in band crowds, the response people have to the music increases in relation to your ability to move forward. It is an immutable law of the gig. It's pretty easy to get past the toe-tappers and finger clickers up the back. The head swayers are a little more tricky, but arm waving-stupid movements guys are tougher. The best way to get around it is to pretend to be a friend of the band (no-one else will think of that) or point to a guy with very big "don't fuck with me" shoulders and say "That man has a heart condition and I, as his cardiologist, must monitor his condition ceaselessly."

To effectively negotiate your way through the mosh pit I suggest semi-automatic weapons. After all, it was semi-automatic weapons that allowed Moses to part the Red Sea and for JFK to bring peace to the troubled peoples of Vietnam. Semi-automatic weapons, the gift that really keeps giving.

I'm not as mobile in this crowd partly because I'm wearing a white T-shirt. In this sea of black Metallica T-shirts and flannies, I stick out like a nun in the porno section of a video store. There's this guy whose holding his girlfriend in a vice-like grip refusing to move. In crowds it's the couples that are hardest to negotiate, because they are trying to maintain personal space for two people and exchange meaningful, intimate coupley glances. They always look really out of place, because everybody else is into the band and the couples are just into each other. I suppose they think of themselves as an island of love in a seething mass of chaos and lust. I think of them as dickheads I can't get past.

I'm content to stand in the wild body spasms area. The thump of bass is in my sternum and the lights from the stage are searing my retinas. I'm getting right into it. I can almost make some unidentifiable guitarist's hat. I'm beginning to commune with the tortured artistic soul of the band, when this bastard decides to lift his girlfriend on his shoulders.

What possesses a man to do this? A need to prove his manly ability to support the weight of that much permed bleached blonde hair? Doesn't he realise that what's happening on stage and in the brutish throng of the crowd is more important than his individual desires? She squeals in gratitude "Oh Robbie. I can see everything." Everyone else can see shit and I'm yearning for those semi-automatic weapons.

The Fringe

The Fringe wants to re-define pain for those cheese grater quibbling bastards.

campus chat

"Who would you like to see become the next Vice-Chancellor, and why?"

Woman with questions: Corin Throsby
 Man with camera: Peter Baldwin



"Not Mal Meninga." Ben, Arts 2.



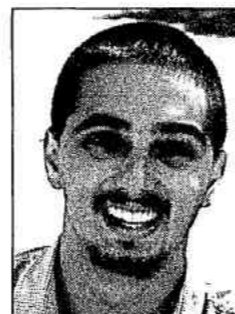
"Because of his power and patronage... the obvious choice is Paul Keating." Peter, PhD.



"Why change? I think Dean Terrell is doing a really good job." Peter, Economics 1.



"Definitely someone female, like Dale Spender or Carmen Lawrence." Sarah, Women's Studies 3.



"Dean Terrell would be fine if he got liposuction, shaved his head and got nymphs tattooed down the back of his neck. Very post-modern." Thiago, Pol Sci 2.



ALISON
DELLIT

New strength for women's movement

On March 8th, women around the world celebrated International Women's Day. In marches and rallies around Australia, over 10,000 women took to the streets — 3000 in Sydney, 2500 in Adelaide, 1500 in Melbourne, 500 in Perth, and many smaller rallies, including 40 in Nowra on the NSW south coast. It is interesting that events such as IWD and Reclaim the Night are growing bigger every year, yet the myth of the "post-feminist era" still lingers on. It's actually young women from universities and high schools that are giving the movement new strength.

And we're not all falling for the media myth that people like Carmen Lawrence are peddling — that all we need to do is to get more of us into politics, to balance things up a little. It just doesn't stick when you see what the bulk of women in parliament end up doing — rather than representing women, they end up representing the privileged layer that they become part of. Equal representation is a smokescreen that hides a lot of other issues that are much more fundamental to women's unequal position in society.

Bread and roses

The issues raised in IWD marches this year were actually very similar to those raised 87 years ago when International Women's Day first began. In 1908, women workers in the United States demonstrated in New York City demanding votes for women, prohibition of child labour, shorter working hours, better working conditions and equal pay for women. The slogan "bread and roses" — bread, a symbol for economic security, and roses for a better life — was the main rallying cry.

IWD arose during a period in the development of capitalism when women were being drawn into the workforce in response to the needs of the industrialising western world. Women joined the lowest rungs of the workforce. Conditions were generally appalling, and it wasn't long before the contradictory demands of women's double load as homemakers and wage earners exploded into political campaigns demanding the right to vote and to organise in trade unions. IWD was conceived of as being a particular day each year when women across the world could press for their demands, and commemorate women and their struggles, celebrating the gains already won.

The first Australian IWD took place at the Sydney Domain on March 25, 1928, organised by the Militant Women's Movement. The demands raised then hardly differ from those of today: equal work for equal pay, an eight hour day, a basic wage for the unemployed and annual holidays on full pay. In 1931, the first IWD marches in Sydney and Melbourne attracted 4,000 and 200 women respectively.

In Canberra last October the Reclaim the Night march, which focuses on violence against women, attracted over 400 women and men. This year no march was organised, wasting a really important opportunity to involve hundreds of women and men in a historically important day. Women who travelled to Sydney were inspired to decide to make sure that a march is organised in Canberra next year. If people are interested in helping organise IWD 1996, get in touch with Resistance (ph 2472424) or look out for publicity towards the end of this year.

Alison Dellit is a member of Resistance.



HAMISH
MCPHERSON

In defence of student democracy

A recurring theme on this page of discussion has been a cynical attack on the student campaign against the fees from those writing on the right side. The representatives of both Labor and Liberal are silent on the most pressing issue for all students: up-front fees for degrees. They are more interested in attacking students who are involved in opposing fees. This is the usual clumsy attempt to shift attention from the glaring fact that both major parties support student fees.

Yvette Martin from the Labor Club attempts to reduce the demos and occupations that involved over a thousand students into a "rent-a-crowd". Victoria Tower, John Howard's rep at the ANU, declares "I still don't believe women need their own handbook".

Things not business as usual

Out of all this muck let's get some things straight. The campaign against fees has won important gains. During the spring thaw last year thousands of students from all over campus briefly became more than a token voice on university council. By occupying the Chancery students made it clear that things would not be "business as usual" if student fees were increased. The campaign gained the support of campus staff in the National Tertiary Education Union and the ACT Trades and Labour Council.

For a time the Vice-Chancellor's magic phrase "we will take your views into consideration" was not enough — students wanted more than hollow promises and fob-offs. And we got it. Admin's proposal to extend a \$4-5,000 fees to all post graduate courses was dropped, the legal workshop fee was cut from \$12,000 to \$5,000 and student fees were made a national issue.

Now in perhaps the ironic gesture of the year, the Admin. has come up with another fee — a call for students to make a "good-will" payment for costs incurred by Admin during the occupations of the Chancery last year. We should be giving the Admin our own "bill of costs" — starting with the \$572,000 they raise a year in up-front post-grad fees.

The No Fees campaign was elected last year with an overwhelming mandate to continue building the campaign against "user-pay" education and that is exactly what we are doing. A student strike has been called for the National Day of Action. Students will be striking and rallying on many campuses. This is our day to tell the government what to do with their plans to increase student fee — trash them. This kind of action is the way to win. We're fighting because at stake is the right of all people to an education system based upon equality of access, not the size of your bank account.

See you in Union Court.

Hamish McPherson is a member of the Socialist Worker Student Club.



YVETTE
MARTIN

How will ANU rate?

You may be interested to know that the results of the 1994 quality review of teaching and learning will be released in the near future. The 1993 audit looked specifically at research and ranked the ANU among the top band of universities in Australia. Another audit, which looked into teaching and learning practices, took place in October last year and is of much greater significance to undergraduates.

The Quality Assurance Committee spoke to many groups representative of the ANU community regarding their experiences with this University's approach to teaching and learning.

As might be imagined, the Committee seemed just a little concerned about the Economics Department. The student representatives group, of which I was a member, were more than happy to oblige with the true life horror stories that highlight Eco's appalling approach to students. For those of you who are new to this campus, I will enlighten you on their "approach":

- over-enrolling students in courses only to cull them after funding is received;
- actively opposing supplementary exams; and
- threatening to reduce marks if students attempt to appeal their grades.

We all know that the ANU Economics Department has little, if any, concern for the educational welfare of the average student. Hopefully the Committee's report will force the Department to make some long awaited changes.

Crossing the line of decency

At the recent SA General Meeting, General Secretary Sarah Stephen let us all in on a little secret about the operations of our SRC. Did you know that it is little more than a caucus meeting for the ISO and Resistance? Since when has the SRC "endorsed" a preferred candidate to Chair each SA Committee? Given that the No Fees alliance has a majority of SRC members it came as no surprise that their preferred candidates were "endorsed". Another example of this arrogance was the No Fees Manifesto masquerading as the O-Week Handbook. The Handbook should not be a political document, nor should O-Week degenerate into little more than a series of political stunts.

The No Fees alliance must realise that there is a clear distinction between administering the SA and the political activities of the party/group elected to administer. It is essential for the SA to be able to continue to organise O-Week, produce the O-Week Handbook and provide emergency loans in a non-political way. Otherwise the SA will become nothing more than a trough for the snouts of those closest to the administration.

Yvette Martin is a member of the ANU Labor Club.

Psst...

Which Resistance Campus Activist got less votes than the dead candidate in the recent ACT Elections?

And which former President of the Liberal Club had to "re-interpret" Club rules in order to stave off a hostile stack at their recent AGM?



VICTORIA
TOWER

Hamish McPherson, our \$8500 paperboy

If you had been able to keep your \$180 GSF this year, what would you have spent it on? Would you have used it to employ Hamish McPherson to represent you? I don't think so. Hamish will be paid \$8,500 of student money to be SA President this year. Most people agree that he doesn't seem to do much except sell newspapers to his mates in Union Court. This must make Hamish the best paid paperboy in the country! Nice work if you can get it.

Every year the amount we pay in GSF keeps on rising and every year the Students' Association becomes more radical, more Left-wing and more removed and isolated from mainstream students. Ever been lost on campus, can't find your lecture theatre, and as a last resort gone into the SA and asked directions? Chances are, unless they have occupied it recently, they won't know where it is. Many first years have needed just one visit to the SA office to convince them that it is a place they will never want to visit again.

Now, the "No Fees" team would probably think that giving directions to students is not an important part of their job. After all, they are an "activist" SA and are far too busy organising marches to have to worry about helping students. And here is the tragedy for all of us. *The current SA do not care about you unless you are a committed socialist.* For them, the rest of us are just cramping their style. And this is the Students' Association that we *have* to join. There is no choice. If you do not pay your GSF, your enrolment is cancelled.

We Support Sport kick butt

In last week's Sports Union elections the inexperienced Labor team Kick Start received a kick in the butt from the We Support Sport ticket. Kick Start were never really in the running — their flyers were inaccurate, their policies dubious and their commitment questionable (someone more cynical than myself may suggest this reflects a typical Labor campaign). Students were obviously aware of this, as seen by the final vote which was overwhelmingly in favour of the more credible ticket. We can now rest assured that our Sports Union will be run efficiently and effectively for yet another year.

Speaking of elections, well done to Alison Penfold for her election to the C&S committee. Alison easily scored the highest number of votes, and has already been working hard to stave off the draconian measures leftie members of the committee are trying to impose. Unfortunately, with a working majority against us, it will be a tough year.

Victoria Tower is a member of the ANU Liberal Club.

PS Was that the SA Treasurer lining up to join the ANU Liberal Club at our recent AGM?

Beyond the burger and fries

Question: "What do you say to an Arts graduate?" Answer: "I'll have a coke with my burger, thanks." It's the old stereotype. For years the most tired cliché of toilet graffiti has been: "B.A. — please take one" scrawled above the dunny roll. Or you hear some Arts students sadly say "I'm only doing Arts (sigh)".

Like many other stereotypes these ones are loaded with ignorance. A B.A. is no one single degree, but a generic term given to an expanse of departments and disciplines within the university. Some are more arcane than others. You can spend three years studying medieval philosophers, grammar of the Kalaharis, or accounting and public policy.

Arts is too broad an area to outline particular career or employment paths. But a B.A. certainly does give you transferable skills which will be applicable in an employment scenario.

Some people do Arts purely because it interests them. There are actually quite a few students who find learning about the humanities or how societies operate interesting. Some people do a B.A. because they "got to uni and couldn't think of what else to do." Other B.A. degrees offer a training in a particular area — Development Studies, Public Policy, or Art Curatorship, for example.

Usually an Arts degree gives a generalist training. Descended from the traditional curriculum of the older European academies, the B.A. is designed to impart a broad training of the mind. As Kim Beazley said recently on Triple J, "My years of studying politics and history at university gave me a broad, classically trained mind, a well rounded education."

Some Arts graduates will take the McDonald's option. Menial graduate employment is a reality of the 90s workforce. But some will also enter banking, marketing, public relations and other fields. According to a recent ANU report, in 1994 "the demand for generalists was high and fairly constant. There was a variety of positions available with everything from welfare to sales and marketing." Sceptics

often don't realise it's hard to generalise about Arts.

Careers advisers often emphasise that generalist positions focus on skills gained in most degrees — research, writing, organisation and communication. All require the ability to write and communicate effectively, carry out thorough and accurate research, and organise workloads and priorities.

These are relevant in the corporate sector, particularly as many organisations such as banks and computer companies are increasingly showing interest in generalist skills.

The Public Service

The public sector, especially the Australian Public Service, has continued to recruit, and to consider graduates from all disciplines. Transferable skills gleaned in a B.A. are relevant here and the specific discipline studied is less important. But even here the realities of competition are apparent — there have been thousands of applications in recent years for a few hundred Graduate Administrative Assistant positions in the Australian Public Service. Consequently all factors are important, including academic performance, and it certainly helped to have an honours degree.

Traditionally many B.A. graduates have gone into teaching. Again recently openings have narrowed, but doing a Dip Ed remains a popular choice. Journalism and communications are often seen as glamorous options, emphasising creativity, influence and power dressing. Advertising and Communications are also often associated with Arts.

But really the field of Arts is so broad that individuals would be well advised to do their own research. For anyone the Careers Information Centre (CIC) is a mine of information. The advice they often give to Arts students is to concentrate on academic results, broaden your horizons by work experience and extracurricular activities. They have a careers library on professions, graduate openings (job ads, not personal orifices), keep in touch with

employer organisations and provide general help. Other services include:

- Careers counselling: on an individual basis professional staff counsel local students on course and subject choice, career development and further study options.
- Career education: providing educational lectures, discussion and workshops to inform students of graduate employment options and trends to help develop necessary skills required for a successful job search; also preparation of letters of application, resumes and interview performances.
- Careers Library: The centre has a specialist library of information on graduate occupations, employers, graduate vacancies, tertiary scholarships etc.

As information is often the biggest problem with the post-uni question, the CIC is invaluable. They can help you decide, inform you of future options, and help you market your skills. Of course, if you'd prefer to be running a permaculture and organic farm (an understandable choice) they can't really help. They may well advise you to take on...

Further Study

Many careers advisers are telling us that "it is almost certain that either immediately after graduation or at some stage in the future, everyone will undertake further study." Over the last few years only about a quarter of generalist graduates have gone into full time work whilst many have opted for diplomas, professional courses, M.A.s or higher degrees. This might be for an initial qualification — such as teaching or librarianship — or a Grad. Dip. in another field.

So next time some smug accountant or engineer bags out studying post modernism (if they know what it is) ask them: "Does life imitate Arts or does Arts imitate life?"

Tom McCawley

Material for this article was drawn from the ANU Careers Information Centre (CIC) *Employment Review* and Sydney Uni's *Careers Magazine*.



McDonald's family restaurants



I was sitting watching TV when I was hurled back to the halcyon days of my boyhood. It was the late thirties in Melbourne. The country was slowly rising up from the shadow of Depression and yet was still untouched by the new danger of war. In St Kilda's alleys, lined with semi-detached houses, from which floated the crisp whites of bed linen, tablecloths and work shirts drying in the wind, we'd play cricket. A garbage can was our wicket, but the bat and ball had to be genuine; it was a question of tradition. In the Lords of our minds we'd thrash, with frightening regularity, the Poms, without having to resort to the unsporting Bodyline.

One day it seemed the Poms had us for I was caught at midoff by one of Mrs Hennessey's sheets. Naturally I cleared the field, as did the other team, the umpire and the spectators (numbering Bill Symes' younger brother and a mangy mongrel) as quickly as we could run, while Mrs Hennessey bellowed after us, though I could have sworn that when I looked back she was smiling. Once the field was cleared, due, of course, to bad weather, it was determined that we should discuss the day's play over lunch. And so it was that we headed off for a good old Big Mac.

Ah, bullshit! None of it's true, not a bit. I was born in 1973, raised in Sydney and... and (this is hard to admit) I don't even... really... if truth be known... like cricket all that much. In fact I hate it. It bores the shit out of me, more so even than question time in the Senate. But more importantly than this is the fact that the Big Mac was not invented (and I use that word in the loosest possible sense) until the late sixties.

And yet, for a while there it was all so real. Watching that McDonald's ad I got a real sense of history and I finally understood what "good old-fashioned value" means, as though I'd always known. Always. Always. Always Coca-Cola.

aaargh! There's no escape from crass commercialism. But the important question is: why is McDonald's giving itself a false history? You might think that the above ad is scant evidence for this, but there was a similar tack taken with the Mexican burger that was, according to McDonald's, discovered at the turn of the century, while the Kahuna burger was constructed during the heyday of Annette Funicello. If you don't believe me, check the tray cover the next time a new burger is approved by the AMA.

On an obvious level, the move seems to be countering the sudden explosion of all-you-can-eat buffet bars. You can't really have an all-you-can-eat Big Mac bar. McDonald's might as well just shut their doors now if they decide to do that. Instead they make these new-fangled all-you-can-eat things look like upstarts that don't appreciate what "good old fashioned value" is. But McDonald's does, it remembers good old-fashioned value. That's what McDonald's had to destroy to get a stranglehold on the family restaurant business.

There is also a more insidious reason for this restructuring of history. As I argued in my last article, the new political correctness is turning away from the tokenism of Political Correctness, as we understand it. This is replaced by a version of the truth tempered with hearty doses of indifference. Appearing with this is an uncertainty as to which new political correctness will rear its ugly head, since at the moment we are currently in the "I am not Politically Correct" stage. All around we are confronted with the uncertainty of truth.

Understandably the bigwigs of McDonald's would not like this. Uncertainty is not something that appears much in a McDonald's fast-food joint (restaurant doesn't really apply as a term to McDonald's), especially since not even the menu changes. And truth would mean admitting to degradation of forests to raise cattle and manipulation of third world nations for cheap labour. Instead they must change the past to create the truth in the present.

All of this smacks of Orwellian doublethink, a calculated ploy to institute multinational capitalism into our cultural identity. Always Coca-Cola means Coca-Cola all of the time for the rest of time. It's Mac-time now doesn't just mean this moment but all the following moments that you will come to experience. Ultimately what is envisioned is an eternity of making money from a nutritionless, tasteless product, by promoting it in near religious terms. God may be dead, but that black, fizzy drink is dangerously alive.

The Hanging Judge

The Judge doesn't read the Canberra Times at breakfast. He eats it alive.

caption competition

Last week's photo



Mary McKillop: I'll wager you've never shagged a saint before.
Jean Claude van Damme: Wrong bet!

Next week's photo



Your caption here.

The winner of this issue's caption competition was Michelle Anderson. She wins a \$30 shopping spree at Acton Supermarket, ANU's home of Jolt Cola. For a shot at the next prize, send in your caption to the above photo by April 1. The most worthy caption will win! win! win!



Faith and the church are two entirely different things

All of us will have great intentions at some point in our lives, whether it be to do something good or to achieve something worthwhile. For many of us this could mean anything from finishing a degree, to meeting that special person (or perhaps just getting out of bed

in the first place). Intentions, aims or objectives are important things, because one way or another they give direction or motivation to what is otherwise the chaos we are living. Therein lies the point of this article. Life is generally a mess that often enough is only made tidy or more un-

derstandable if we give it meaning, by examining our intentions. That is, what are our aims in life and how are we travelling in the pursuit of them (do we bother to give it a thought?). Are we accountable to our intentions?

Well, good intentions are just what the established Christian Churches have loads of. Ever since Saint Peter was asked to bring the message of God's love to all people by Jesus himself, the institutionalised Church began. Its hope was to evangelise the nations, to spread the news of our salvation and to tell of a loving Creator beyond our comprehension. Anyway that was the plan.

Ironically, people have said that because the churches all too obviously promoted pioussness, they leave themselves very open for criticism when they fall short of being 'God on earth'. More people than not are ready and willing to bag out the institutionalised Church, usually for the most damning indictment of all — hypocrisy. My response to criticism of the church is usually 'yeah, so what?' But for argument's sake I'll explore this a little.

None of us is perfect. None of us. Not the granny next door, not the Pope and certainly not any member of the Call to Australia Party! Unfortunately this premise doesn't give us a 'general absolution' for all the fuck-ups we do. Pity. What it does mean is that the churches also cannot or should not hide from reality behind

some invisible wall of devine protection.

Religion in fact, (many would concede) has been responsible for many atrocities. Over time, it has led people to believe in the virtues of war, of so-called holy assassinations, the rejection of women and sexuality generally. Instead of inspiring and nurturing, churches have often alienated and oppressed. Instead of forging ahead with new paths for peace and justice, churches have often come a poor second to secular movements that have led to improvements in humanitarian issues.

However, (and here is the old baby and the bath water line) as a Catholic, a member of a Church that still has more than its share of problems to address, I'm still disappointed when hearing anyone who is prepared to ignore anything on a spiritual level, simply because "church is boring" or "did you hear the one about the Christian Brother?" When people have the presence of mind to say some things are wrong with our Church, I encourage them to go on. Usually because what pisses them off isn't the idea of exploring spirituality, or finding a glimpse of meaning, but rather, the actions of people like you and me.

Imagine if we abandoned democracy every time an elected government bugged-up something. Or we stopped making music when Kylie

Minogue brought out her first album. Or we gave up on love after the failure of one relationship.

Similarly, faith must be differentiated from the church. They are very different things. The churches try, as we all do, to follow intentions. Their intentions are good but in practice like most of our own intentions, the results are not perfect. After all, churches are simply people searching together to find meaning.

I would think that God is bigger in love (and most likely in sense of humour) than all of the churches put together. What our Creator intends for us, we are told, is happiness. To come to an understanding of the truth. To value equality, freedom and justice. To realise that for each one of us, a bloke called Jesus went all the way to show what love is all about.

This truth is what many Christian churches are trying to follow. But just as we need to check how our actions rate when we remember our intentions or motivations, so do our churches. Be mindful of this and the big picture next time you dismiss any church as a joke. Chances are, no, it won't have all the answers, but it might help you find a few.

Stephen Gardiner



B+S

**BLIND AND STUPID
YARRALUMLA WOOLSHED
THURSDAY 6TH APRIL
\$35 BLACKTIE
AFTERPARTY
at
MOOSEHEADS**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM COLLEGES + REFEC

consumer watch



The froth and bubble of Canberra's cappuccinos

Orientation week is well and truly over and now the work is piling up. Soon lights will burn late into the night as we students who also have jobs, and/or any lives at all, hit the caffeine to get that essay done.

Coffee is available in many different forms, but which is the best? This is obviously a personal choice, but I thought a rough guide may come in handy — after all, time should not be wasted trying to find the perfect cup when there is work to be done.

Briefly, you can buy a cup of coffee as long black, short black, flat white, latte, macchiato — a short black with a dash of milk, vienna — with

cream and, of course, cappuccino.

A cappuccino's success all too often depends on the amount and quality of its froth. If a capp gives good froth, I'll be back for more. The table below details important features of capps — price, froth, taste and extras — at a number of locations close to the ANU. Overall, Waffles used the most froth, while on campus Sullivan's is the way to go. McDonald's is by far the cheapest, and it is unfortunate that they do not have cappuccinos, but their flat whites are quite good.

If you choose to make your own coffee, instant has to be the easiest, but there is the option of buying fresh

beans (the ones you grind in the supermarket). This costs about the same as so-called good quality instant — \$3.50 to \$6.50, and is definitely cheaper per cup than at a coffee shop. All you have to do is find a percolator of some sort — plunger, filter, electric, or the ones that you put on the stove. These may be expensive, but old ones can often be found in parents' kitchen cupboards.

Finally, remember that it is possible to overdose on coffee. I didn't use to think so but in researching this article, I think I found my limit. Keeping this in mind, happy coffee consuming.

Kate Hennessy

Place	Price	Froth	Taste	Extras
Sullivan's	\$1.80	above average	good, strong	very yummy chocolate sprinkle
Calypso	\$1.80	average	average	
Refectory	\$1.20	minimal	a bit funny	
The Street The Cafe	\$2.20	average	on the weak side	open till late if screening
Court 10 Cafe	\$1.70	average	very hot, quite weak	
McDonald's	95c	none	quite strong	free refills
Waffles	\$2.00	great — it's piled high	not weak but not strong	open late
Mama's Trattoria	\$2.20	not much	good, quite strong	
Robert's Coffee Bar	\$2.00, second cup \$1.00	average	not weak but not strong	free mints after 6pm, open late
Canberra Coffee Centre	\$2.00	not much	quite strong	

guest column



Why nobody listens to campus politicians

In my O-Week article on ANU's clubs and societies, I referred to the Liberal Club. I wrote that no one takes them seriously, and that they are always ridiculed at meetings. Moreover, if you read the relevant paragraph you will see that I used the word 'unfortunately'.

Well, I really did mean 'unfortunately'. I was referring to what I consider to be part of an overwhelmingly intolerant political climate at ANU. You can't deny that this climate exists. On one side you have the Liberal Club, who wear badges that read "Back off, lefty scum" and who accuse the No Fees Campaign of using C&S money to finance communist revolutions in far off lands, and on the other you have the ISO, who are the ones you can hear yelling out "stupid liberal" whenever a liberal speaks at a meeting. Neither, too, are Labor and Resistance blameless in this regard.

What this means is that political debate at ANU is of such poor quality that it is hardly worth having at all. All sides are already firmly convinced that they're right; discussion inevitably becomes an exercise in scoring points and ridiculing the opposition. Debate never gets right down to issues; it is virtually meaningless.

We subscribe, presumably, to Voltaire's philosophy: "Though I disa-

gree with what you say, I will defend to the death your right to say it". Invariably, though, we add the proviso: "However, because what you say is wrong, I will attempt to disqualify your opinion. I will point to your vested interest. I will ridicule you. I will attack your credibility. I will do everything in my power to ensure that your opinion is dismissed before it can be properly considered in the light of relevant facts." This a particularly ugly manifestation of the good old "end justifies the means" philosophy and in the last edition of *Woroni*, I saw it twice.

The first offender was Mr John Passant. He eloquently and humorously attacked Yvette Martin for her comments about the second occupation. They were, he claimed, an attempt to shift the blame from her beloved Labor government onto the No Fees Campaign. The implication quite clearly was that we should not take Martin's comments seriously because they are exactly what you'd expect from a conservative Labor hack. Well maybe they are. But you simply must consider her opinion on merit. When the criminal takes the stand in court we all know what he will say. He will plead "not guilty", whether he is guilty or not. But his obvious bias in the matter doesn't mean we can disregard what he has to say. Neither can we

disregard Martin's comments because she is a member of the Labor Party.

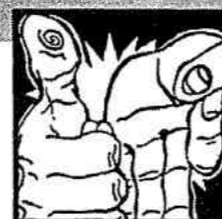
Passant's line was echoed by messieurs McPherson and Cebalo. Not only that, their response to her attack was to assume that she goes to the other extreme (even though she approved of the first occupation). "The trouble with lobbying alone..." they said. It rather reminded me of primary school, when if a boy made friends with a girl he was teased for being in love with her.

Both letters missed the point, and missed it badly. The success of the second occupation is an open question. I know that at least one prominent No Fees Campaigner thinks that it's best to forget it ever happened. But when Martin says it, they quickly describe it as ridiculous then move on to cite her ulterior motives. The No Fees Campaign has said it wants to involve as many students as possible in determining their actions; the evidence in *Woroni* suggests that Labor students' views are not welcome.

Perhaps, you think that political debate at ANU is vigorous and healthy. But while we score points by ridiculing each other and misrepresenting each others' views, it is nothing but an absolute disgrace.

Patrick Mackerras

third uncle



Is this a case of switchy switch?

Daniel Radman [former *Woroni* editor] last year reminded me of how long I had been around this campus, attempting to imply that I was some kind of flake. Of course, I know that I have been here for as long as it takes to do two degrees and write a thesis, all in regulation time. What I have observed in five years is student politicians coming, and as they inevitably do, going. I watched Steve Byron run around in a frenzy attempting to be elected to every possible office, and have watched Daniel Radman do essentially the same. No crime really, except that it identifies the control gene that some people possess. This often mutates in the megalomania gene that some might say makes you suitable for a spot as a vice-chancellor. I certainly never got either gene. I still believe that representative positions are just that, not the stepping stones for careers, and certainly not a tool for pursuing power and authority over the remaining hapless minions.

The latest in the long line of distinguished control freaks is William Mackerras. He has become ubiquitous in student political circles. He chairs committees, wants to run the sports union, and is an office bearer for the law society and Labor Club. His ambition is limitless. The question is how does he do it? How can one person have so much spare time and still do a degree? The answer is disturbing. William has an identical twin brother, Patrick. Their trick is to substitute Patrick for William, when William needs a rest, or goes to a lecture.

The truth is that no one knows who is really who. Do we really know that William was elected to the chair of the Welfare committee? Could it have been Patrick acting as a body double, whilst William attended a course on contemporary witchcraft before he drew up the 1995 Law Society budget? How do we know when young William is doing his own stunts? Who can tell the difference?

Does anyone know any distinguishing features that can be used to identify who is who? Forget the usual student card check, because they look so similar. We can't even use a DNA test, because as identical twins, their DNA will be the same. The solution is to insist that both of the infamous twins be present in the same room at the same time. This way we can be sure that no switchy switch games are being played. Another alternative is to provisionally disallow any vote or decision made by "William" until it can be conclusively proven that the person actually is William.

Now I know that I am exposing myself to the wrath of the Mackerras dynasty by writing this, but feel confident that the same protection given the last person to mention the Mackerras name in print, the legendary Gary Rasmussen, will spare me the worst of their retribution.

The truth is that it has to be a legitimate concern that there could be a political switchy-switch occurring. I can deal with megalomaniacs of this world, but I do like to know exactly who I am dealing with. I am sure that the Welfare Committee would like to be sure that it is really William at the meeting. Student politics are a big enough joke already. We cannot have a Students' Association run by stunt doubles.

If we allow the present situation to continue, then who knows where it will go? The debating society could turn up to a general meeting with a legion of genetically engineered clones. I can easily imagine the Liberal Club or Labor right wingers stacking meetings with identical twins and genetically created facsimile humanoids. It's not so strange, and has probably happened before without us knowing. How else do you account for the quality of the Union Board over the past five years?

Until next time, stay in the clouds.

Regards
The Uncle

The Uncle is currently recovering from being "point-of-ordered" by a prominent Canberra lawyer.

ANU Mountain Biking Club

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 - Phone Ian (2574323) or Chris (2674522)
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Hunters & Collectors

Just don't spoonerise our name

Hunters and Collectors have just begun another Australian tour. Titled the *Live Demons Tour*, it will see them traversing the country with around 30 gigs in 40 days. Among these, they will be playing at the Uni Bar on April 5. I spoke to Jeremy Smith (French horn, guitars, keyboards), about the upcoming tour, what they will be playing, how they will be playing it, the prospects of playing to rowdy, drunk Uni students, as well as some thoughts on the band's past and directions for the future.

Hunters and Collectors have been up and jamming for just over 12 years now, emerging as a force in Australian rock around the same time as bands like Midnight Oil, INXS and Split Enz. The just finished "Breaking of the Dry Tour" with the Oils and Crowded House shows the bonds are still there and I asked Jeremy if he thought that Hunters, along with their "peers" had modelled the directions of Australian music in that time.

"It is daunting to think that we could have changed the face of Australian music. I think the change or influence comes from a number of bands together. Hunters have much in common with bands like the Oils and I think that any influence has been more by a combination."

Pretty modest stuff when you consider the list of anthems that Hunters have produced. From *Talking to a Stranger*, *The Slab* and *The Way to Go Out* in their early, grungy days, through to *Say Goodbye*, *Throw Your Arms Around Me* and *Holy Grail*

more recently, Hunters have always been at the cutting edge of Australian music.

Their latest album, their ninth studio release, *Demon Flower*, has proved no exception.

"We've tried not to get tied down, tried to produce a varied and full album", says Jeremy. "In the studio each song takes on a life of its own. The album contains songs that have gone in wide directions, and sometimes you look back at them all and think, 'Do these songs go together?'"

challenge ourselves and our listening audience aurally and intellectually by experimenting a bit more. The studio in Melbourne was an absolute cacophony, where everyone just feels free to experiment and go with the flow. Production and mixing take care of the finer tuning for the record."

The *Live Demons Tour* will please Hunters fans new and old alike.

"We will be playing a selection of our older stuff on this tour. Some of the older material hasn't been played live for about six years and we have

It's more fun for us that way as well. Having just played at Monash Uni's Caulfield Campus the night before, I asked Jeremy if campus gigs were any different given the relative youth of the audience.

"Yeah, uni gigs are a bit different. It is a great feel playing to a group of people who are feeling and using their new found liberty (in the case of first years). Students invariably go right off, get really drunk, rowdy and jump around up front. Everyone seems to want to stagedive, but we don't allow it. Someone is either going to take a couple of mikes with them or land on someone and hurt them, and it is hard to play while people are getting squashed and injured. I got quite a shock at the popularity of the older material among the younger uni crowd. We played *This Morning* (off the 1986 album *Human Frailty*), and we were astounded and quite touched by the response and popularity we received from the crowd. Everyone still knew the words!"

And where were Hunters and Collectors headed after the *Live Demons Tour*? *Demon Flower* gave Hunters their highest chart debut to date and they seem to have made it to mainstream popularity, far from their underground roots.

"It'll be a while until the next record. We are planning a bit of time off from the touring scene as well. And as far as having 'made it', well we haven't even got our own cover band! Maybe we'll have to break up and reform as our own cover band to say that!"

James Dawson



The varied styles of songs, like the wailing guitar riffs of *Easy* through to the balladous *Desert Where Her Heart Is* do produce an album that seems to come from different directions.

Jeremy explains, "We haven't found our own style yet, and probably never will. This means that we can't just produce stuff to a formula like many other bands. We like to

reworked alot of it. The newest band member, guitarist Barry Palmer (who joined the band six years ago) has never played some of the songs live and his input will give the older songs a slightly different sound and feel. We are also planning on doing some acoustic sets, maybe about three or four songs, basically just play what's fresh and juggle the sets about a bit.



Junk Theatre

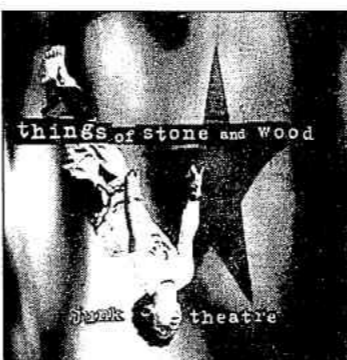
Things of Stone & Wood (Columbia Records)

Do you remember Things of Stone & Wood's hit single *Happy Birthday Helen*? Wasn't it an excellent single? Well, this album has a similar sound and it is truly excellent as well. The sound is reminiscent of Crowded House and most who have listened to this album are probably wondering if the words 'chocolate cake' had been slipped in there somewhere. Already there have been two singles released, *Wildflowers* and *Churchill's Black Dog*. *Wildflowers* was the most played Australian composition on local radio in late 1994 and *Churchill's Black Dog*

is in the top twenty at the moment. Mention must be made of Greg Arnold who, single-handedly, wrote nine of the twelve tracks on the album and had a major hand in writing the other three. The happy go lucky melodies will have you singing and moving with you friends wherever you hear the songs played; be that on the car stereo driving to Woolies to do the group shopping or when you're drunk late at night (or late in the morning) in your friend's 'ressy' finishing of the last of the cask red. Another wonderful aspect of this album is that the lyrics actually make some sense. In fact they make a lot of sense! The little gems of 'all too true' wisdom (eg 'it feels good now but not for

long') just add to the attraction of singing and swaying along to this album drunk late at night. In fact the backing vocals to track six, *Wild Man Shouting*, must be the most natural sounds for a drunk to make, so expect to do hear this track played a lot in bars. The backing vocals go, 'Yeah eehh eehh eehh, yeah, eehh, eehh, eehh'. Pretty simple hey? So if you think that you will buy this album budget in a cheap cask of red, get some friends around and wallow in a state of intoxication as you listen to some super talented Australian musicians expressing themselves in a way that is truly soulful to those that have been bought up on local music.

Peter Preller



Star Trek Generations

Original Soundtrack
Dennis McCarthy (Crescendo Records)

There isn't really a great deal that one can say for a soundtrack to a movie without any songs which is basically what this is, a plain old soundtrack, no more, no less. Then again *Generations* isn't the sort of movie that would lend itself to the sort of soundtrack that we would usually consider buying after seeing a movie e.g. the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack. Please Consider: a climactic scene in which the Enterprise-D crash lands, would you

prefer the dramatic orchestral overtures as heard in the movie or Scaterbrain's "Down with the ship?"

And there lies the problem with many soundtracks; they're just incidental music from the film. There's nothing here you'd want to put on the car stereo or dance to. Sure there have been soundtracks that are an exception to this rule (*Paris, Texas*, *Chariots of Fire*, *The Mission*). Yep!, but this ain't one of them.

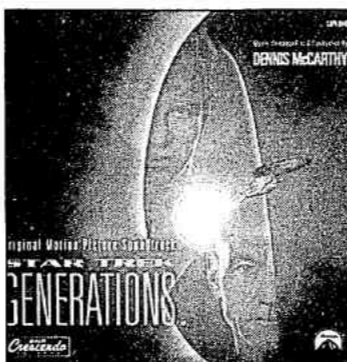
All in all you'd have to like the movie pretty bad to buy this, which a few diehard Trekkies will no doubt do, proving once more that they've never really been big on the taste

stakes, have they?

The bonus addition to this package is the inclusion of several minutes of sound effects from the film. This is curious entertainment value as the ominous sounds of a Romulan Bird-of-Prey de-cloaking or the harmonious rumble of a tractor beam don't do much for me, but then again Trekkies will go ape over the strangest things.

P.S. would the slimy vermin who stole my *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack return it. I know who you are, and you will be punished.

Robert Duncan



Here comes the Velvetreen Revolution

It is a Wednesday night and I am in a book store in Fyshwick; my mission, to gain an interview with ANU's most unlikely heroes, Velvetreen. Velvetreen are new to the Canberra scene, only really finding their niche in late 1994. Supporting locally acts like Penny Flanigan, Sidewinder and Drop City, they are now recognised as an accomplished performance band.

The style of Velvetreen is difficult to explain as it falls under great ambiguity of definition — a combination of the four members differing influences is apparent in their style of music. The influence of Sidewinder is strong, but the band gives little concern to where their music comes from. Rather, to where it is going. One of the few things that the band can agree on is that they all greatly influence each other. "I believe that our songs are going to be songs that people can listen to. They're going to songs that people can whistle while they are walking down the street, songs that get stuck in your head."

Toby Martin is responsible for most of the lyrics. "We write songs that are very melody based. Melodies

that are agreeable to the common ear. We work off each other and contribute to the final product. The final product gets all the good things from every single one of us."

Velvetreen is one of those rare musical phenomena where the band actually spend more time playing music than talking about it. It was difficult enough to drag the band from a jam session to talk to me. "The music isn't talked about, it's played. Quote me on that" says Paul. "We don't fuck around" adds the drummer, Darren Blacklock.

With rumours of an impending tour to Melbourne with The Dreaming Genies, the band is certainly on their way to gaining the recognition that they deserve. "It's not confirmed yet. We have been discussing equipment arrangements — it's pretty solid providing EMI can get the gigs," says the bassist, Looke Cauty. The opportunity to tour to Victoria would provide a chance to gain real recognition outside of the ACT. A foothold into the competitive markets of Sydney and Melbourne is a big goal for the band.

I was lucky enough to catch a show recently at the ANU Bar of Velvetreen and The Whitlams. Velvetreen's



Clockwise from left: Darren, Looke, Paul and Toby. Photo: Susan Loy

performance was tight, with the four members of the band all demanding attention with their strong stage presence and technical ability. The front man Toby did well to capture the attention of the audience, given the somewhat disappointing turn-out.

However, the poor sound mix did not do credit to Velvetreen, with the stage set up more suited to The Whitlams. Fans of The Whitlams be-

gan arriving around 9:30pm, which appeared to give renewed vigour to Velvetreen, their performance becoming less stilted and more improvised. *Homer Love Song*, an obviously experimental song for the band, was exceptionally well received; Velvetreen's ability to shift between styles accentuated.

The set closed with the band's only cover, a hardly recognisable interpretation of The Beatles' *Day Tripper*, and then Darren Blacklock's *Overrated*; the band's musical accomplishment again showing itself as Paul, Toby and Darren swapped places to allow Darren to sing.

Velvetreen are shaping up to be a band well worth watching progress through the ranks of the local music scene. For a band whose greatest ambition is to have their music played at the Private Bin, they are original and refreshing — a welcome break from the repetitive style of many local acts.

Velvetreen have a gig at the Uni Bar on March 24, supported by The Doomed, and with special last minute guests, Three.

For further info, call Anthony from Liquid Music on 295 1121.

Nick Shaw



Love Will Find A Way Bass Culture (Mushroom Records)

Love Will Find A Way is good dance music. It is identical to the stuff that is played upstairs at The Bin or at Bobby's on a Monday night. So, if you love this stuff then buy this EP as all four tracks are slightly different versions of the same song. For my

money track 3 is the best version to dance to. It is called *Love Will Find A Way (The Flux In Most Of The Way Mix)*. Not to be confused with track 1, track 2 and track 4 also called *Love Will Find A Way*. Unfortunately all of the tracks seem to go on a bit long. This is something to not to forget when deciding to dance to these songs. If you're one of those people who close their eyes when they dance

and let the rhythm take hold of you when you re-open your eyes you will be the last person on the floor and marked for the rest of the night as one of those loners/losers who goes out to nightclubs and tries to cut in with others' dancing. If you're a house fan add this EP to your collection as the different mixes are a great example of the experimental edge of house.

Peter Preller

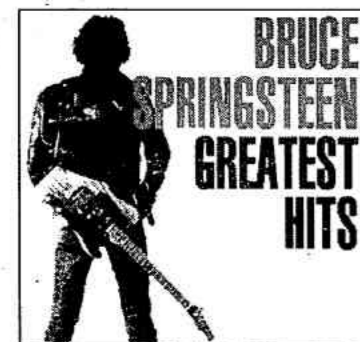


Greatest Hits Bruce Springsteen (Sony)

The best of album is in many ways a difficult beast. Devoid of the potential which makes new recordings interesting, you know exactly what to expect. So it is with *Bruce Springsteen's Greatest Hits*. This selection features all the expected hits and a couple of new songs as well. There are few surprises in a collection which, depending on perspective, either preaches to the converted or reaffirms to the atheistic their reasons for disbelief.

Springsteen at times possesses the nasal lyricism of Dylan and at others the brooding sexuality of a young Elvis (before the cheeseburgers and

white jumpsuits). Generally though, he fails to combine these attributes into anything special. Springsteen writes and performs good pop-rock songs but fails to transcend his chosen medium as both Dylan and



Presley did. Too often, slick 1980's production polishes Springsteen's hard edge to a point where his music becomes FM radio fairy floss.

This said, *Springsteen's Greatest Hits* is not a bad album. Anyone who successfully navigated the 1980's cannot help but enjoy tracks like *Born In The USA* and *Dancing In The Dark*. This album delivers all the hits for any Springsteen fan but the greatest musical moments are to be found in the older tracks. Songs like *Born To Run* and *The River* show a raw but enthusiastic artist with plenty to say. The new tracks are a little disappointing. The 1990's Springsteen features slow paced self indulgent, introspection, a formula which proved popular with 1993's *Streets Of Philadelphia* and is

here repeated twice more. The best of these is probably *Blood Brothers* which sounds a little more folksy and not so contrived.

Bruce Springsteen rose to prominence in part due to the cover of 1984's *Born In The USA* which plastered his denim-clad buttocks across record stores worldwide. I can't help noticing the cover of this album in which a similar pose is struck but with a conveniently placed guitar. Perhaps with age the famous Springsteen butt has, like the music which accompanies it, gotten decidedly soft and saggy. If you like Springsteen, take this opportunity to get all his hits on one disc, if you do not, this has very little to offer you.

Dan Silkstone



Life Beyond Brenda: Beverly Hills 90210

The most important new character in *Beverly Hills 90210* (Capital, Sundays, 7.30pm) summed up the other inhabitants of this sought after zip code when she complained "they're all so squeaky clean!". She said this to Dylan, who isn't so squeaky clean these days. In fact, if his actions were any more James Deanesque he would have to have died in a highway accident years ago. She had a point though. The only serious drama in the earlier series was whether Brenda was going to cost the bank that issued her father's credit card more or less than Nick Leeson cost Barings. The only tragic fact Brandon had to come to terms with was his family only possessing the fake wood-panelled station wagon which are produced exclusively for the sets of US television

programmes, as compared to the convertible BMWs his new friends flaunted.

Now problems are a little more real. For instance, Brandon has to deal with the death of a friend and close political ally. This unfortunate dies meeting the side of a truck in his car rather too quickly on the eve of his and Brandon's election as University Senate leaders. Imagine Lyndon Johnson being shot in Dallas and Kennedy succeeding him and you get the general tone of the incident.

While this minor character joins Brenda in that big Minnesota in the sky, other more familiar aspects of Beverly Hills life continue. The Peach Pit is still open twenty-four hours a day with shakes and sympathy at a moment's notice. Grossly overdeveloped "freshmen" with names like Griffin Stone stride around the set, sending Donna (the ugly one) into

swoons. Around the university they bestride like colossuses, the gang does surprisingly little. Then again, neither does anyone else.

In the background a relaxed student has the time to strum out a Bach



partita on her guitar. The unpredictable factor in this equation is Valerie, the cool and calculating young woman now occupying Brenda's old room, and ex-boyfriend. Dylan is the only one she reveals what passes for her real, nasty, self to. Actually, I found myself quite liking her. Lying on Dylan's bed she explained concisely her whole theory of nihilistic materialism, "I don't believe in anything".

After Nietzschean philosophy, they went on to discuss the fact that both their fathers were dead. The probability of this seemed problematic, but with an opening premise like residency in Beverly Hills to start questioning such things so late in the piece smacked of disingenuity. In this vast treasure house of cultural clichés, we can only wait impatiently to see what havoc Valerie will wreak.

Garth Crawford





U2: Faraway, So Close B.P. Fallon

I have rarely before read an entire book about a popular rock performer or group due to the fact that most are dead boring. B.P. Fallon's book, however, is a refreshing change. It is an original account of life on the road with one of the world's greatest rock phenomena, telling it like it is. Interesting, very amusing, and sometimes slightly profound, this is a worthy piece of contemporary art.

At first his unusual writing style seems pretentious, self indulgent, and just a bit too groovy. But after a few more pages we realise that the writing is informal and hospitable, most probably representing the atmos-

phere of the time and event he is describing.

His observations about U2 make them seem real as well as hideously famous and filthy flippin' rich. The realities of life on the road for a nice bunch of rock gods become apparent in this book more than they can in an interview, where self-conscious answers are given to a comparative stranger.

Fallon, a.k.a. Beep, or The High Priest of Happiness, is a friend of U2, and writes about them as they are from day to day minus the petty sensationalism and utter crap some media might employ.

Added to this, extra entertainment is provided throughout the book by the subtle comedy of Fallon's own

experience of different cultures; from language mix-ups in El Paso with a taxi driver, to a hotel receptionist who is alarmingly over-zealous about Brussels sprouts.

The book is filled with excellent photography, most of which is previously unpublished, taken by Fallon himself, constantly snapping away whilst in their company, much to the dislike of one Larry Mullen Jr.

Christy Turlington, Naomi Campbell, Sinéad O'Connor, Winona Ryder, Pearl Jam, and Public Enemy are just some of U2's chums that appear within the pages of this enlightening and interesting book. For those interested in the life of rock music, or just completely enamoured with Bono, read on pussycats.

Victoria Young



U2 FARAWAY SO CLOSE
B.P. Fallon



Votes for Women: The Australian story Kirsten Lees (Allen & Unwin)

This timely exposition of one of this country's greatest, yet least known, pioneering tales — the Australian woman suffrage movement — highlights last December's centenary of the (white) female franchise in South Australia. Kirsten Lees dispels the widespread and somewhat offensive myth that Australian women were given the

franchise, gratis, without having to do anything more strenuous than to politely and dulcetly request it while continuing on with their needlepoint. While it is true that the Australian movement never saw the need to adopt the militant tactics of the famous British Suffragettes, it is clear from Lees' thorough research that the struggle for woman suffrage in Australia was a lengthy, intense and heroic one.

Lees uses an intelligent array of

primary sources, both written and visual. Her book is well structured, examining each legislature in turn, and providing an important separate chapter on the civil rights struggle of Aboriginal people which finally won them the vote in 1967. However, Lees shies from criticising the woman suffrage movement in any way, even for its often blatant middle-class elitism, and her extremely liberal feminism could be justifiably regarded as somewhat insipid at this point in history.

These weaknesses make the volume a little unsophisticated for use by tertiary students, but at the high school level, *Votes for Women* would be a very useful reference. Certainly, it is immensely valuable in that it explores an historical movement made up of women fighting for their own advancement, allowing today's women to participate in our heritage of struggle in a manner which is too often denied us.

Sarah Gilbert



Speechless Directed by Ron Underwood Starring Geena Davis, Michael Keaton. Greater Union Civic.

Mmmm... yet another "romantic comedy" from the US of A. Doesn't exactly inspire confidence, and yet, despite moments of stomach-wrenching patriotism, gross, schmaltzy, sticky bits, and the worst soundtrack this side of the 2CA top 40; I have to confess that I left the cinema with this gooey, romantic-comedy grin on my face — embarrassing, and nauseating I know.

So, how, despite my best, prejudiced intentions did *Speechless* kind of win me over? I guess, it's just that against all odds it's not a bad movie. Sure, most of it's pretty straight forward, but every now and then I couldn't help but wonder whether a Hollywood film was actually having a bit of a piss-take? Geena Davis as the fiery, eccentric, but lovable political speech-writer, is more or less predictable as is Michael Keaton as the romantic, wacky, ex-comedy writer — yet the casting of Christopher Reeves

as debonair, ex-Gulf War Correspondent "Bagdad Bob" (You can call me Baggy!) has suspiciously subversive comic book overtones.

The film features, Geena Davis (Julia) and Michael Keaton (Kevin) as insomniac (!), speech-writers on the election campaign trail, yet neither are aware of the other's true profession, nor realise that they are on opposing teams (surprise, surprise). When the truth is eventually discovered those old sparks start to fly — and the two begin to fight their battle through their respective candidates, making for an increasingly hostile and dirty election campaign.

Initially, the whole romantic situation seems to have about zilcho credibility as the just doesn't seem to be any chemistry between romantic duo Julia and Kevin. But eventually they pull it off with good delivery of snappy dialogue and some strong characterisation. I guess, if you're into romantic comedy it's got all the ingredients: an initial sizzling sexual attraction, followed by series of "I Love You"/"I Hate You" scenes, all culmi-

nating in a public declaration of love, and lots of balloons and streamers falling down on everybody's heads. Although amusing and sometimes clever, I guess *Speechless* is just a little too predictable to be that great or interesting. Although the idea of a love affair between two insomniacs is quite cute, and some of the election campaign material is pretty insightful — especially the bear scene.

Technically speaking, if you're looking for challenging cinematography, haunting mise-en-scene, and an unforgettable sound track, well it's probably best that you look elsewhere. The opening credits, featuring two balloons — one yellow, one purple — floating towards one another through a cloud of many multi-coloured balloons and then, sort of getting stuck together as result of static is a good indication of what's to come. My theory is that in the opening scenes we're seeing, through the clever and witty use of opposite coloured balloons, two people drawn together by fate and destined to spend the rest of their lives sticking

to each other — though of course, I could be reading too much into it.

I guess, *Speechless* is pretty average in the sense that it's competent without being particularly stylish or interesting. Except for the soundtrack which, due to its total banality, must be part of a cunning plot dedicated to bringing about the destruction of MGM studios. Unfortunately, the musical clichés stop short of satire and seem firmly embedded into some suburban shopping-mall hell of elevator classics.

So, in summary, if you're kind of bored on a Sunday night and you've got the urge for a bit of a giggle followed by an extended bout of staring into your loved one's eyes, than this one could be for you. But otherwise you're probably better off saving your money and hiring it out for a popcorn munching, video night at home. So, yeah, kind of corny, kind of fun, but not mind-blowing enough to leave you speechless...

Rachael Antony



Dumb and Dumber Greater Union Civic

If you saw *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* and loved Jim Carey doing facial rap dancing, and now believe that the world is a safer place for pets, even if Carey is not on set, then you will laugh your head off watching *Dumb and Dumber*. Gone are the mistakes that big budgets and computers made of *Mash*, and back looms Carey will faced as ever. Along for the ride is Jeff Daniels of *Speed*, this time lasting the entire film standing up.

Starting down and out with fresh scripted jokes and scenes that shame *The Naked Gun*, the audience is introduced to two of America's most giftedly dumb. Carey (Lloyd Christmas), and Daniels (Harry Dunne), team up in the most honest road movie ever made funny. How can it not be when Lloyd and Harry drive in

a dog across America to Aspen, tangoing with hit men, outdrinking the police and fire stomping a man who is punctual to dates graffitied in toilets.

The aim of their flight to the mountains is to find Mary Swanson



(Lauren Holly), the red haired police officer from *Picket Fences*, return her lost bag and for Lloyd to marry her. Well, Lloyd and Harry think this is a great plan, and with thinking not exactly their greatest asset they start out on a new life. Rather brave at times these two characters are willing to confront the world and start afresh, or more likely, they just forget their old lives in the brilliance of a newly awoken one.

Hanging with Lloyd and Harry is stupidly dangerous, and at times *Dumb and Dumber* tickles the topics of the need for love, being best friends, illiteracy and how cold it is driving a kid's motorbike in the winter clad Rockies. Nether region jokes are back, rather unclad at times, but if Carey's bum expressed itself in a gruff voice in *Ace Ventura* then the scenes in this film are truly, expulsively Shakespearian.

As a comedy *Dumb and Dumber* has a top script of ideas and scenes that will keep you laughing almost all the way till the end. For as the audience could watch Daniels' and Carey's antics forever, the film ends with a sudden whippy double conclusion. Aside from this it is a gaggingly good laugh, with many of Lloyd's all so honest dream lapses providing Carey the power to get his face beyond warp speed. If laughing and silliness are your down and dirty, then give this film a hug.

Robert Umphelby

To Live
Directed by Ziyang Yimou
Starring Ge You and Gong Li
(Electric Shadows)

Chinese director Ziyang Yimou, from whom the magnificent epics *Raise the Red Lantern* and *Ju Dou* were given their birth, has triumphed in this humble and compassionate tale of family endurance in civil war China in 1945. The thanks he received for his endeavour by Chinese authorities was a five year ban on foreign co-productions, due mainly to the dark wit evident in his portrayal of the Red Army.

Ironically, it is not the sweeping scenes of war or social conflict that provide the poignancy and torridity of this film. Instead, it is the courage and humility of the puppeteer Fugui (Ge You) and his resolute wife (Gong Li)

who struggle throughout to preserve their small family in dramatically changing times, that gives the tale its uniqueness and insight.

The sympathetic character of Fugui (for whom Ge You was awarded "Best Actor" at Cannes in



1994) is both a comical and tragic hero. His humble optimism, in spite of the devastation innate in his family, gives Ziyang's tale its simple but

powerful statement: to live is to remain hopeful regardless of the struggles and difficulties that arise.

Gong Li's beautiful portrayal of the steadfast Jaizhen furthers the sense of survival in the film, as she provides a very moving depiction of the loss and sacrifice Mao's "Great Leap Forward" endeared on his people.

The most surprising appeal of the film is its dry and almost black wit. This was evident in one part of the film when a doctor, who had been exiled as a Capitalist Reader and was severely malnourished, was called upon to assist the birth of Fugui and Jaizhen's daughter. Pitying the doctor's hungry state Fugui offered him seven bread rolls. Having disposed of them rapidly he developed a case of the hiccups and was unable to assist. As a result Fugui's daughter haemor-

rhaged and died.

Much of the humour present throughout the film also serves to detract the source of the family's suffering from the Communist policies that are quite clearly the cause of the upheaval; thus making it even more ironic that Ziyang was sanctioned for his work.

To Live remains though, a disturbing and passionate film. Visually it is magnificent and its effect extends well beyond that of a historical epic. It is a moving and very human tale that shouldn't be missed.

Liz O'Brien



TISM
Saturday March 18, Uni Bar

TISM's encore summed up the attitude of the band. They worked the audience ("Lovely people of Ballarat") into a feet-stomping, hand-clapping slam-dancing frenzy then walked abruptly offstage. "Fuck you" the audience screamed in delight. They didn't come to be mollycoddled.

TISM are a bunch of dickheads. The relevant difference here is that where most bands consist of self-congratulatory drug-fucked idiots, TISM are one of the few bands to pride themselves on it.

The band sauntered out in sequined glow-mesh bodysuits with blinking alien head-dress to a taken-aback audience and immediately plunged into the audience for the opening number, *Garbage*.

Thanks a lot, TISM. You were great. Now get stuffed.

Office Goth

Joy
Toni Pearen (Mushroom)

If the devil wanted to buy a single CD to convince the sinners in hell that they had done some *really* bad things during their mortal lives, he would choose *Joy* by Toni Pearen.

This single is pure formula stuff. Unfortunately, Pearen's dance formula has produced a song which is dull and sterile rather than commercial. The drum machine and bass sounds which accompany Pearen's very ordinary voice are so conventional that they sound like the demonstration patterns on a MIDI sequencer. Pearen's singularly banal lyrics ("Peace lasts forever/ Joy keeps us together") complete the picture and make *Joy* a parody of itself.

Joy is dance music gone horribly wrong. Ignore it and hope it goes away.

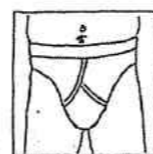
Askew
Vis-a-Vis Dance Company

Vis-a-Vis Dance Company presents *Askew*, a contemporary dance exploring the idea of twisting of one's perspective. The ACT dance company returns to Canberra with a new, colourful dance production. *Askew* features live music, slide projections and video as it explores a range of themes, all centred around the notion of askew. The dancers share their varied interpretations, ranging from an expose of the vulgar veneer of a cabaret character to an exploration of the discordant moods of an eccentric spirit from the eighteenth century.

The dancers are energetic and flamboyant, and at times display impressive physicality. Live music by Kevin Wite. *Askew* runs from March 29 to April 8.

Women Hold Up Half the Sky

The National Gallery is to mark International Women's Day with an exhibition celebrating the diversity of work produced by Australian women artists over the past 150 years. Works on display include paintings by Margaret Preston and fabrics by Frances Burke. The exhibition coincides with the launch of Dr Joan Kerr's book on Australian women artists, "Heritage: The National Women's Art Book". The exhibition will be on display until 25 April.



Achtung! You will join us!

What do we offer? It is simple. One flat rate of \$23 for first semester or \$35 for the full year. Yes, you guessed correctly. You will join the ANU Film Group. And you will enjoy it.

These are the films you will attend, every one of them, from now till Easter:

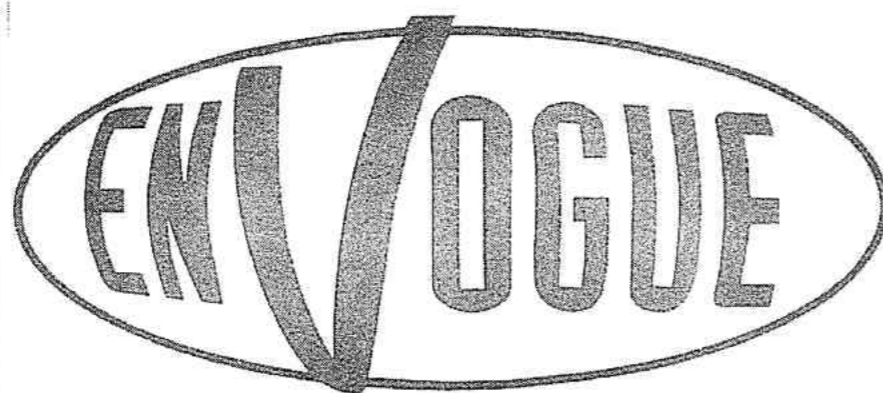
- 8pm Thursday 23 March Natural Born Killers
- 8pm Friday 24 March Manhattan Murder Mystery + Manhattan
- 1.30pm Sunday 26 March ... The Flintstones + Junior
- 8pm Tuesday 28 March Richard III
- 8pm Thursday 30 March Kika
- 8pm Saturday 1 April Mary Shelley's Frankenstein + Young Frankenstein
- 8pm Tuesday 4 April Picnic at Hanging Rock
- 8pm Thursday 6 April The Last Wave + Gallipoli
- 8pm Friday 7 April The Year of Living Dangerously + Witness
- 8pm Saturday 8 April Fearless + Dead Poets' Society
- 1.30 pm Sunday 9 April Nightmare Before Christmas + Schtonk!
- 8pm Tuesday 11 April Le Samourai
- 8pm Thursday 13 April Wolf (on a full moon)

Look at what's coming up this semester: *Forrest Gump* (the Baby Boomers' rewriting of US history), *Interview with the Vampire*, *The Mask*, *Ace Ventura*, *Reality Bites*, *Eat Drink Man Woman*, *The Hudsucker Proxy*, *Baraka*, *Three Colours*, *White + Red*, *When a Man Loves a Woman*, *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*, *Go Fish*, *Triumph of the Will* (our staff motivation film), *The Blues Brothers* (all are encouraged to dress appropriately for the show) and the Marx Brothers. If you are joining for the year look forward to seeing the following in Semester 2: *Pulp Fiction*, *Quiz Show*, *Bullets Over Broadway* and *Nell*.

Come to the regular venue, the Coombs Lecture Theatre (corner of Fellows and Garran Roads) before any screening to join up. All films start at 8 pm, except Sunday showings which start at 1.30 pm. You only have to pay once, and after that you can see any film for free. You may bring free of charge up to four guests per semester. Of course, it is even cheaper if you get your guests to chip in for your membership. So join now.

anu film group

Which niteclub gives you live danceable music with no cover charge?



Thursday

Sample our Fiesta Night with a taste of **Sonora Latino America**, followed by the sounds of our DJs

Friday

Ragga Jump: Canberra's grooviest dance band with Shaka Dub on percussion

Students pay no cover charge at all and get 2 for 1 drinks before 10 p.m. until the end of March

Dress rules apply

Upstairs — Franklin Street, Manuka — Tel: 295 8066

chunky bits



Fred Nile



Julian Clary

Famous for wearing dog-collars	Famous for wearing a dog collar
Would like to see all homosexuals hung	Would like to see all well hung homosexuals
Hasn't had sex with a woman for 10 years	Hasn't had sex with a woman in 10 years
Spits	Swallows
Sucks	Still swallows
Dresses like a stiff	Dresses with a stiffie
Once rode in a wheelchair	Once rode someone in a wheelchair
Likes upstanding members of the community	Likes the community's upstanding members
Knows that it is better to give than to receive	Is happy either way
Has never been skull-fucked	Has never denied being skull-fucked

pic of the crop



Bill (last name withheld), a 43 year old mature age student, claims that this bowl o' goodness is a breakfast staple at his house. "Plenty of fibre, and it's good for the kids' Attention Deficit Disorder too. Don't tell them it's healthy and they'll eat it by the budfull, right?" For his cannabis cuisine and generally irresponsible attitude towards child-rearing, Bill wins

a T-shirt from the Cannabis Clothing Company.

Submissions to Pic of the Crop are welcome and *confidential*. Please provide us with a photo, a contact name and number and your favourite growing tips. Or drop into the office with a sample of your best buds. Next week's winners will receive free tickets to Hunters and Collectors.

campus camera



If this happy smiley face resembles your own in an uncannily precise way, then this is probably you. If so, call the *Woroni* office on 2487127 and find out what exciting prize you can win simply for being you. Wonderful, isn't it!

Last issue's winner was Ally Roche, who scores tickets to the Uni Bar concert of her choice. So don't be shy, this offer only lasts until the next happy smiley face replaces yours.

net.junk



One lump or two?

alt.folklore.urban.soc.culture.british
A friend of a friend in rural Killarney, a pious mother of four, had invited the local priest round for tea. The old father had been happy to accept the invitation, not least because the woman was a renowned cook and hostess.

On the day, the young kids decided to play merry hell, careering around the house and upsetting the carefully arranged table decorations. To her horror, the woman found that her new cut-glass sugar bowl had been smashed. At that moment, the doorbell rang, and through the net curtain she could see her guest expectantly licking his lips.

Flustered, the woman retrieved the sugar cubes from the floor and stowed them temporarily in her ample cleavage. Then she answered the door. Presently, the cleric was sitting down devouring a delicious slice of homemade Madeira. Picking up his teacup, the priest asked his hostess if she had any sugar. Without thinking, the woman fished a couple of lumps out of her cleavage. "Milk, father?" she inquired absently.

Night of the Living Dead

alt.folklore.urban
A friend of a friend knew a wily old hospital porter who liked nothing better than to scare the living day-lights out of new workmates with nasty initiation rituals.

One of his favourites was to put a gold ring on a severed finger between his own fingers and ask a gullible novice to help him remove his stuck ring. To the youngsters' horror, the dead finger would come off with the ring, and the veteran prankster would laugh his socks off.

One day, though, the lads apparently decided to get their own back with a prank of their own. They pulled out a vacant body drawer in the morgue and one of them stripped naked and lay inside like a corpse. The idea was that when the old porter opened the drawer, he would sit up and wail in a ghostly fashion, giving the old porter the shock of his life.

The others nipped off to find their quarry and set him up. However, after several minutes lying down on the slab, there was still no sign of the ageing porter, and the young lad was getting agitated. It was at that moment that the corpse next to him rolled over and moaned, "Cold in 'ere, innit, mate?"

Santa sleighed

alt.folklore.urban.soc.culture.japan
A friend of a friend who works for a Japanese mega-multinational electronics giant, was enjoying his first company freebie to the heart of the beast in Tokyo.

After the obligatory all-night karaoke session, he was taken on a cultural tour of the shopping centres, comparing the Japanese department stores' hard-sell window displays to those in the UK.

It was December, but mindful that most Japanese are Shinto and not Christian, he was surprised to see that the spray-snow trimmed windows were all aglow with glitzy Christmas themes. As they strolled through the crowded streets, his Japanese guide explained that the local shops weren't fussy and used any old festive occasion as a means to increase sales.

But at the last and ritziest department store on the tour the window dressers obviously hadn't quite grasped the true meaning of Christmas. In their stunning display, the tourist was treated to the rare sight of Santa Claus in all his glory — nailed to a cross.

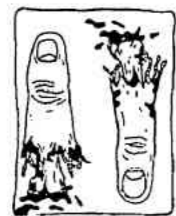


Avatar Meher Baba Centre

Avatar@rex.sunyerie.edu
This E-Mail address was lauched into the *Woroni* office along with a copy of "Love Street LampPost", the newsletter of the Avatar Meher Baba center in Southern California. For those who seek the spiritual guidance of Meher Baba (pictured above, smiling benevolently), contact the above E-Mail address and in the subject field put 'subscribe'. This provides information about Meher Baba and his followers including meetings, activities and announcements. Meher Baba himself says "I have only one message to give; and I repeat it age after age to one and all: 'Love God'".

Thumbs up

To those ultra-intelligent vandals who actually filmed themselves doing \$100,000 damage to five Los Angeles homes. Thank you for providing the most amusing news article I have seen in months. It takes a special type of person to evade capture while committing the act and then get caught with the video. Here's hoping juvenile detention has its own "Funniest Home Video" programme, you might win a visit in the shower from the inmates.



thumbs up thumbs down

Thumbs down

To Tom Jones. The only thing this man has achieved in his musical (and I use that word reservedly) career, is to provide every ugly old bastard musician a benchmark to see how crap he/she is really is. This man is old enough to be my father and he still hasn't learnt how to button his shirt. If old men must perform, I'd rather see Alf from "Home and Away" singing Kiss, than old Mr Tight Pants Jones.

Thumbs up

To the graffiti in Chifley Library. Most Amusing! There is nothing I enjoy more than sitting down for some quiet reading when suddenly affronted with "I blow Goats" or "Greenies are people two" (sic). Ahhhh, the witi-

cism of perpetually bored. Do you people have nothing better to do with your time than scrawl comments that are just legible enough to read but take twenty minutes to decipher? And what's with "Hemp 4 Fuel"? Just a few questions folks...why? Who cares? Is this just one busy little activist writing these cunning and well thought out ideals, or is it a whole gang of you? Quite frankly, I couldn't give half a crap about your cause, let alone whether or not you own hemp-driven pink painted Kombi vans.

Thumbs down

To anyone I may have offended with that last passage. You suck.

Thumbs up

To the ABC. What a network! This station, supposed responsible for the cultural component of Australian television, has managed to collect the worst selection of drama, (so called) comedy and sport since the Sydney Swans. When I last sat down to watch TV, I found the programming very entertaining until I made the mistake of getting up and turning the set on. I'd like to take that (thankfully retired) David Hill and ram his head right up his own "Janus".

Thumbs down

To "Two Dogs" alcoholic lemonade. Most people would not normally drink nail polish remover, so why do it if someone has put bubbles in it and given it a new name?

Thumbs up

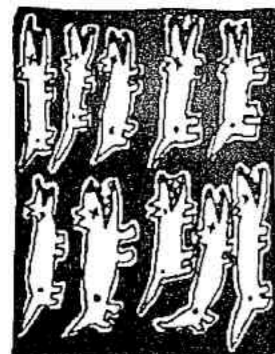
To W H Auden, one of the world's funkiest poets. Old Auden is responsible for what I consider to be the most moving and truthful passages I have ever seen:

*As the poets have mournfully sung,
Death takes the innocent young,
The rolling-in-money,
The screamingly funny,
And those who are very well hung.
Beautiful isn't it? Just proves that Kurt
Cobain was, well... er... rich.*

dead pet of the week



This week we interviewed our very own, multi-talented Chancellor cum ex-Senator cum Gastroenterologist cum Professor of Medicine, Mr Peter Baume, and obtained a collection of the ten most significant diseases and medical conditions that he has encountered during the course of his medical career. This is not for the faint-hearted as we explore such pleasantries as Irritable Bowel Syndrome and Amoebic Dysentery.



top chunks

1. *A Footling Breech.* Situation that can occur during labour where the baby comes out feet first. This was memorable as the Chancellor was still in training years and didn't have a clue what to do. Despite his terror, we understand the babe was delivered safely.

2. *Amoebic Dysentery.* Very unpleasant infection caused by a protozoan, with symptoms including chronic vomiting and diarrhoea and in this case, it went undetected, was treated incorrectly and the patient subsequently died.

3. *Acromegaly with hyperpituitarism.* Refers to over-activity of the pituitary gland resulting in an excess

of growth hormone which leads to unusual height, large facial features, and out-of-proportion head and hands. In this case, our gallant Chancellor made the diagnosis and saved the patient's life. He considers this particular case to be the one that made his reputation as a doctor.

4. *Malignant Hypertension.* This is invariably fatal disease, with death

resulting from kidney, heart and brain problems caused by uncontrollably high blood pressure. An unfortunate case in which they were unable to save the patient.

5. *Hydatid in the liver.* This is an abscess in the liver, and was diagnosed when Dr Baume went to remove a sample of liver for a biopsy and got the hydatid instead, a species of parasite ingested from meat from animals grazed on infected properties. Can also be picked up from dogs.

6. *Perforated Peptic Ulcer.* This was significant as it was the first major operation performed by the Chancellor.

7. *Steven-Johnson Syndrome.* This was a very urgent case in a child, but whose life was saved by the doctor's quick diagnosis. The general symptoms are extreme ulceration and inflammation of the mucous membranes, possibly brought about by exposure to certain drugs, including some antibiotics.

8. *Systemic Lupus Erythematosus.* The Chancellor made a diagnosis of this when, as a senator, it was described offhand to him by a relative of the victim in question. This phenomenon is unusual in that the victim's immune reactivity is increased to the point where it attacks the body itself, causing a host of symptoms ranging from anaemia to skin lesions and arthritis.

9. *Irritable Bowel Syndrome.* A common problem among people with high stress levels and interestingly enough, it is most common in young, female university students (anyone?) with symptoms of irregular bowel habits and colic. Dr Baume had encountered it many times in his career and referred to it as his "bread and butter".

10. *Hypothyroidism.* The result of under-activity of the thyroid gland. Whilst a senator, Dr Baume made this diagnosis based on his observations of the man who delivered the mail in the House, who showed the classic external symptoms of very deep voice and slow moving actions. Most problems arise from a drastically reduced metabolic rate resulting in weight gain, sensitivity to cold, slow heart rate and hair growth.

Sushi the Yak was a vocal and well-respected member of the Tuggeranong community until his unfortunate demise at the hands of his neighbour's ten and twelve year old children (or so his owner claims.) These little darlings thought it an amusing prank to tie Sushi's horns to the rear of the family's Landrover with

a long rope, then forget all about it. Before his death, Sushi used to give rides to the local children, and will be sorely missed by his owners Russell and Jeannie Tapp, but free tickets to the concert of their choice at the Uni Bar has consoled them. If you would like to win, send us a picture (dead or alive) of your pet, or call *Woroni*.

late breaking filler



Will you remember me?

Jamie: Will you remember me in a thousand years? **Dad:** Yes. **Jamie:** Will you remember me in a month's time? **Dad:** Yes. **Jamie:** Will you remember me in a day's time? **Dad:** Yes. **Jamie:** Knock, Knock. **Dad:** Who's There? **Jamie:** See? Already you have forgotten me. (Jamie McGinnlay, aged 8, *Junior Times*)

Arising from the oppressed subculture that we all once inhabited (childhood), comes this cunningly wrought piece that is damning of the patriarchy and the fiction it engenders. The author (a male?) uses two devices to stylistically entrap meaning: firstly, to deliberately write himself "in", so as to smash constructs of "Author as God", and secondly re-viving the tradition of dialogue to simulate real experience. So we are able to see the author in direct conflict with the patriarchy — declaring the fact of the hegemonic society we live in so brazenly that it serves as a denial of subservience. Which one of us can say that we have never wanted to scream "Already you have forgotten me" to our patriarchs? Which one of us has not played the "knock knock" game with figures of authority, only to be answered, "who's there?" And who can intelligibly answer that question, caught as we are in the backwash of postmodernity?

thinking spot



This week: The Simpsons

1. What piece of classical music is used in the "Ban Itchy and Scratchy" episode?
2. What did Homer say to the crusty old Dean when he called him on the telephone?
3. What two suggestions did Mr Bergstrom make for the children to make fun of his name?
4. What theorem did Homer state (incorrectly) when he put on Henry Kissinger's spectacles that he found in the toilet?
5. When Mr Burns brainwashed Santa's Little Helper, what film was being parodied?
6. Which of Homer's colleagues cannot speak English?
7. What was the final count in the election of class president?

- Answers**
1. Beethoven's 6th Symphony, 1st Movement
 2. Hello Dean! You are a stupid Head!
 3. Nerdstrom and Boogerstrom
 4. Pythagoras' Theorem
 5. A Clockwork Orange
 6. Tibor
 7. Martin: 2, Bart: 0



Chancellor, gastroenterologist and ex-Senator Peter Baume.

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